

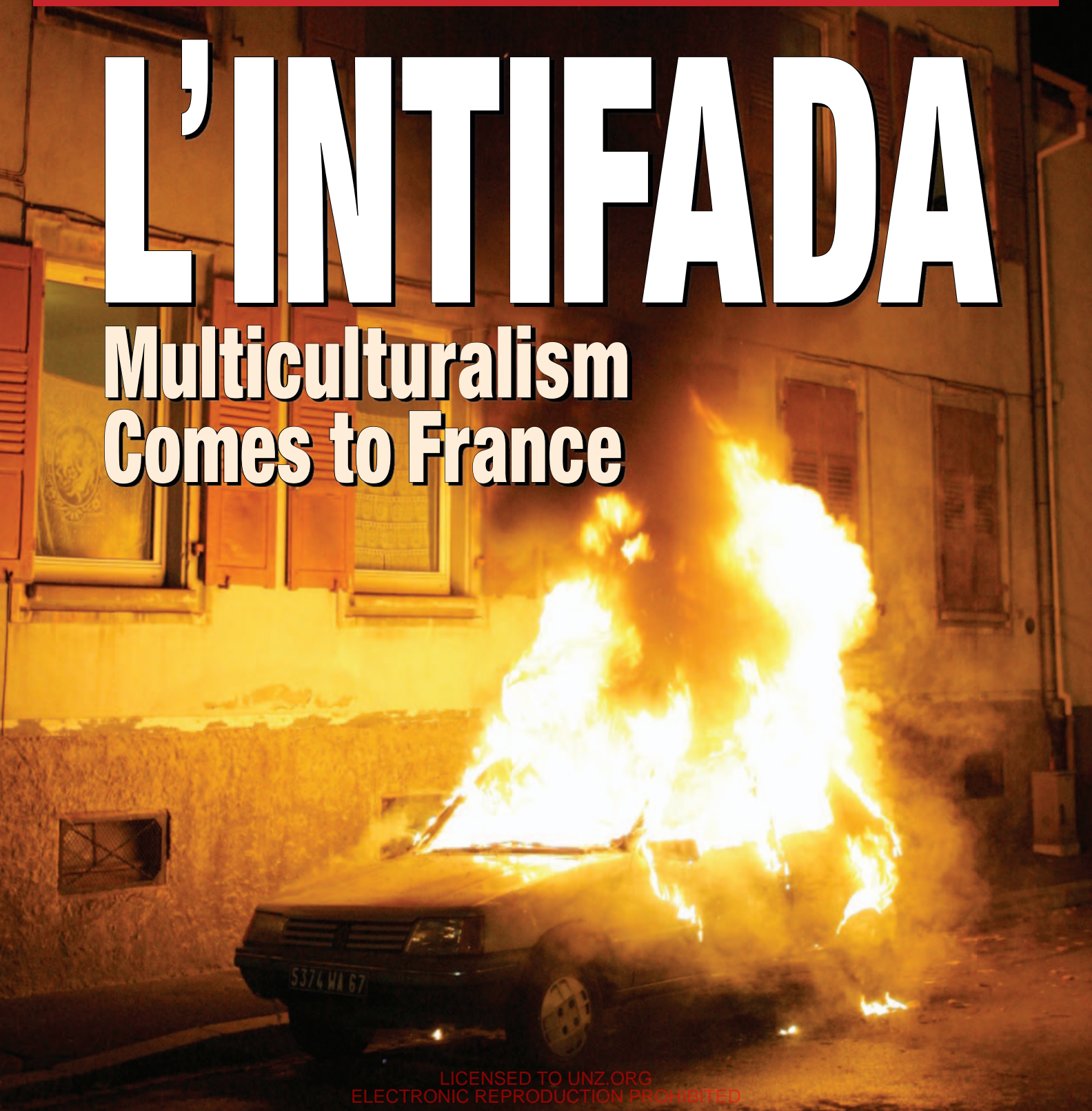
NEOCONS GO SOFT ON CRIME ■ BUSH'S SHORT COATTAILS

DECEMBER 5, 2005

The American Conservative

L'INTIFADA

**Multiculturalism
Comes to France**



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NO CHINA DOLLS

I wonder how many readers had the same reaction as I did when I looked at the photo of those serious and disciplined Chinese army officers? Estée Lauder would be disappointed—not a lipstick in sight! If the feminists are wrong, and I suspect they are, that there is absolutely no difference between men and women, we had best steer clear of those hombres. When your army's poster girl is Lynndie England, it's wise to restrict your wars to opponents like Iraq.

WILLIAM ABBOTT
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

BLOCKED IN BEIJING

I was very impressed with James Pinkerton's "Superpower Showdown" (Nov. 7). Pinkerton has laid out a very nuanced argument, one that captures the complexities of Sino-U.S. relations between the "Panda-huggers" and "China threat" camps. As a grad student studying in Beijing, I'll be digesting this article for quite a while.

I did want to point out two concerns. One, we would not be alone in a conflict over Taiwan. The past year has seen a growing partnership on this issue with Japan, highlighted by their announcement of an overt policy of alliance in a war over Taiwan. Tokyo, seeking a greater regional security role and concerned over China's maritime posturing near undersea gas deposits, would almost certainly fight alongside the U.S.

Also, it's not true that China's citizens can go to PACOM's website. All DoD websites are blocked by the Great Firewall—including the controversial Pentagon report on China's defense in July.

I should add that I'm not sure the British balance-of-power analogy, while helpful, is completely applicable. The Pax Britannica was dependent upon maritime supremacy—after 1871, Bismarck's Germany was widely acknowledged as the dominant land power on the continent. Once Germany began to build a navy, Britain became genuinely

alarmed. The U.S., too, has no intention of challenging Beijing's land power on the Asian mainland. The problem with an attempt to balance is that China's military budget indicates a splurge on building a modern navy, a challenge to this century's "Ruler of the Waves".

These comments notwithstanding, I thoroughly enjoyed this article. Thank you.

JOSH KIRKMAN
via e-mail

VIVA FORMOSA!

James Pinkerton's article suffers from a major distortion that springs from either personal ignorance or a conscious disregard of facts and desire to distort history. The island of Formosa, now called Taiwan, was never a part of China. Your repetition of Chinese propaganda is sick. If you wish to tell your readers of your desire to sacrifice the Formosan people and force them to submit to Chinese autocracy as a means to avoid conflict, fine. But don't parade it as a noble gesture. The Chinese conquest of Formosa would no more be an act of re-unification than the Japanese conquest of Korea, the Philippines, and much of mainland China.

JOHN KLINGENBECK
via e-mail

LETTING CHINA LIVE

James Pinkerton writes, "Americans should understand that if we want a war with the People's Republic, Beijing will happily give us one." Really? Well, if the Chinese are half as smart as they think they are, they wouldn't welcome such a war. If the truth be told, America could turn China into a burning cinder tomorrow afternoon. There is absolutely nothing the Chinese could do to prevent this. What holds us back is nothing about China; it's our own sense of decency and self-restraint. The logical conclusion is that China exists by our grace.

PETER SKURKISS
Stow, Ohio

TAC IS FOR LIBERALS, TOO

I just want to say how much I respect your publication. As a recovering liberal, I am struck at your integrity. I constantly tell liberals to read *TAC*, and they are skeptical when I tell them you were one of the earliest publications to question the wisdom of the Iraq War.

Even when I am at odds with some of your ideas, I disagree with respect and an open mind to keep considering it because I know you have the best interests of our country in mind.

JIM WACHTEL
via e-mail

WHERE HAS ALL THE MONEY GONE?

With regard to "Money for Nothing," I used to think that only rock stars could burn through cash faster than your so-called bleeding-heart liberals, but I now see that I was wrong. Apparently, the most "conservative" administration since Reagan has become the hands-down leader in corruption and mismanagement. This war will be lost not for the lack of blood and guts, but from an oversupply of greed. While the right-wing blogs scream for the heads of those United Nations officers in charge of the oil-for-food program, they still sing the praises of a corrupt administration that has squandered billions in gold and wasted an even more precious commodity—the blood of our sons and daughters.

Although I hate to say it, I now agree with the Left: it's time for these Bush bozos to go!

KEVIN MALONE
via e-mail

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[POLITICS]

TWO FOR ONE

Those who thought Dick Cheney might be chastened by the indictment of Scooter Libby have never met David Addington or John Hannah. In best hydra style, two heads have grown to replace the severed one—at least as ideologically fierce and no less cultish.

Addington, Cheney's new chief of staff, is scarcely removed from the Plame affair: Libby sought him out immediately after promising to provide Judith Miller with more information about Joe Wilson. More important, he has become the administration's foremost advocate of executive power, not only blocking the GAO's attempt to discern what role lobbyists played in the Cheney energy plan and authoring the White House memo justifying torture. But also, as *National Journal* reports, "Addington played a leading role in 2004 on behalf of the Bush administration when it refused to give the Senate Intelligence Committee documents from Libby's office on the alleged misuse of intelligence information regarding Iraq."

Cheney's pick to be his national security adviser, a title Libby also held, shows a similar disinclination to clean house. John Hannah served as the White House contact for the Iraqi National Congress and conduit for their bogus "intelligence" and was Cheney's link to the Pentagon's Office of Special Plans. He earned his neocon stripes for his battles with the CIA and State Department as those reluctant agencies were pressured to support the war. And now, despite rumors that he might also be indicted, Hannah has been handed the vice president's full foreign-policy portfolio.

Perhaps there was no one else. Perhaps that's the point. This would be an ideal time for new perspective, but insularity—they call it loyalty—breeds mistrust. Thus the clique shuffles nameplates and nothing really changes.



[JUSTICE]

FIRST-RATE SECOND PICK

Judge Samuel Alito, President Bush's second choice for the Supreme Court, is a world apart from Harriet Miers—15 years' experience on the federal bench, impeccable legal credentials, an ample paper trail. Conservatives were as euphoric about "Scalito" as they were disappointed and bewildered about Miers. Perhaps the Right should stand up for its principles rather than be treated as the White House's doormat more often.

Yet the fact that Alito is no stealth nominee doesn't mean we know everything. While the ladies of NOW and NARAL make him sound like an opponent of women's suffrage, less partisan observers note that he voted with the pro-choice side in three out of four abortion cases. Pro-lifers shouldn't panic, however. His dissent in *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*, the 1992 decision that reaffirmed *Roe v. Wade*, is probably a better indicator of his abortion jurisprudence than his pro-choice votes while bound by Supreme Court precedent. But neither side should count on Alito to legislate from the bench on their behalf.

Of course, *Roe* almost certainly wasn't the White House's main concern during the vetting process. Alito has tended to side with the government in *habeas corpus* and other civil-liberties cases, a plus for an administration seeking untrammelled power to treat Guantanamo inmates and other terrorism detainees as it sees fit—and probably the only thing this nominee has in common with Miers.

[MIDEAST]

THE IRAN WE MADE

The Iranian people got to elect their president in a free election! Regrettably, it turns out the man they elected is an aggressive and not terribly worldly Islamist, who has begun to make demagogic comments about wiping Israel off the map. It didn't take long for Iranian diplomats to begin saying that President Ahmadinejad really didn't mean what he plainly did say—or for subsequent reports that the president planned a shakeup of the entire diplomatic corps.

There has long been evidence that a viable, forward-looking bourgeois class exists in Iran, ready to impose a final Thermidor on the mullah's revolution.

But the political prospects of this class have plainly been wounded by America's invasion of Iraq, and if the ousting of Saddam has helped bring to power a far more reckless figure in a larger and more significant neighbor, it might be the worst of many bad consequences of Bush's war of choice.

[DEMOCRACY]

THE PUPPET'S PROTEST

With the whooping for war against Syria growing louder, Iraqi President Jalal Talabani left no doubt about where he stands: "I categorically refuse the use of Iraqi soil to launch a military strike against Syria or any other Arab country," he told the United Nations. Bad news for the neocons? Not at all. For the elected president of Iraq, complete with constitution, admits that he's powerless to prevent the forces occupying his country from doing whatever they please to whomever they wish. "At the end of the day my ability to confront the U.S. military is limited and I cannot impose on them my will," Talabani conceded. So much for a free, democratic Iraq. As Juan Cole observes, "no country is a 'democracy' where the military calls the shots, overruling the civilian president—how much less so if it is a foreign military."

[FREE SPEECH]

BLESSED BE BUSH

Better not read from the Sermon on the Mount any time close to a federal election—that line about "blessed are the peacemakers" might just lose your church its tax-exempt status. All Saints Episcopal Church in Pasadena, Calif., is finding out the hard way. Two days before the 2004 election, a sermon by Rev. George F. Regas acknowledged that "good people of profound faith" could vote for either Bush or Kerry, but suggested that if Jesus were to speak to the president, he would tell him, "your doctrine of preemptive war is a failed

doctrine. Forcibly changing the regime of an enemy that posed no imminent threat has led to disaster."

That's factually true as well as theologically sound—which can't be said for everything preached from the pulpit of All Saints, a very liberal church. But for daring to criticize the war, All Saints now finds itself threatened with the loss of tax exemption. "It seems ludicrous to suggest that a pastor cannot preach about the value of promoting peace simply because the nation happens to be at war during an election season," the church's tax lawyer, a former IRS man himself, told the *Los Angeles Times*. But there you have it: faith-based initiatives may be one thing, but *lèse majesté*, even in the name of Jesus, is entirely another.

[IMMIGRATION]

THINK TANK RETHINKS

Heather Mac Donald has an important piece in the autumn *City Journal* about the role the Mexican government plays in subverting U.S. immigration laws. The particulars will be familiar to TAC readers: the comic-book guide for aspiring illegal aliens, the promiscuous issuance of *matricula consular* cards for Mexican nationals who can't get IDs from American authorities, and lobbying campaigns on behalf of in-state tuition for illegals and against ballot initiatives like Prop. 187. Mac Donald painstakingly catalogues the "massive and almost daily interference in American sovereignty" on the part of Mexican officials.

The piece is as notable for where it appears as for what it says. *City Journal* is published by the Manhattan Institute, a think tank not known for its critical thinking on immigration issues. As the debate advances, maybe more people will come to realize that illegal immigration is not merely a natural response to market incentives but the result of actions taken by the Mexican government—and the inaction of our own. ■

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The American Conservative, Vol. 4, No. 23, December 5, 2005 (ISSN 1540-966X). Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. TAC is published 24 times per year, biweekly (except for January and August) for \$49.97 per year by The American Conservative, LLC, 1300 Wilson Blvd., Suite 120, Arlington, VA, 22209. Periodicals postage paid at Arlington, VA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in the United States of America. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The American Conservative*, P.O. Box 9030, Maple Shade, NJ 08052-9030.

Subscription rates: \$49.97 per year (24 issues) in the U.S., \$54.97 in Canada (U.S. funds), and \$69.97 other foreign (U.S. funds). Back issues: \$6.00 (prepaid) per copy in USA, \$7.00 in Canada (U.S. funds).

For subscription orders, payments, and other subscription inquiries—

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(outside the U.S./Canada 856-380-4131)

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When ordering a subscription please allow 4–6 weeks for delivery of your first issue and all subscription transactions.

Inquiries and letters to the editor should be sent to letters@amconmag.com. For advertising sales or editorial call 703-875-7600.

This issue went to press on November 10, 2005. Copyright 2005 *The American Conservative*.

Were We Lied Into War?

“Today, America is being stampeded into a new undeclared war, against Iraq. Thus it is a time for truth—a time for Congress to do its duty, and debate and decide

on war or peace. We do not need to have our politics poisoned for yet another generation by the mutual recriminations of a War Party and a Peace Party in the aftermath of yet another undeclared war. Questions need answering.

“Was Saddam involved in the massacres of Sept. 11? Was he behind the anthrax attacks? Is he harboring terrorist cells of al-Qaeda? Is he preparing nuclear or bio-terror weapons to attack us? If the answer is ‘Yes,’ let Congress lay out the evidence before the nation and empower the president to take us to war.”

So I wrote in November 2001, and this magazine asked again and again before October 2002, when a Democratic Senate voted to give Bush a blank check for war on Iraq.

We never got the answers. But we got the war.

Now Senate Democrats are demanding to know if Bush, Cheney, Condi, and Scooter Libby lied us into war. Having failed to do their duty, having surrendered the war powers given them in the Constitution to join the stampede, Sens. Reid, Clinton, Kerry, and Schumer now tell us they were misled, they were deceived.

The truth is: they failed the nation. They voted for a war in which some of them disbelieved because they lacked the moral courage to demand that Bush give reasons why this was a war of necessity and not a war of choice.

If Iraq were today pacified, with a pro-American regime in power and U.S. troops coming home, the hypocrites

pointing fingers at President Bush would be begging him for places of honor on the reviewing stand when the triumphant U.S. Army of Operation Iraqi Victory paraded victoriously up Constitution Ave. They would not care if we had been misled, deceived, or lied to.

Few today deny that FDR deceived America about doing his best to keep us out of the world war, when he was doing his duplicitous best to get us into it. But that was The Good War against fascism, and who cares that the Great Man told us a pack of lies, if the war destroyed Hitler.

We now know the answer to the questions this writer raised two months after 9/11, when, even before victory in Afghanistan, it was clear the Bushites and War Party had Iraq in their gun-sights.

And the answers to all those critical questions are “No.” Saddam had no role in 9/11, despite neocon propaganda about Mohamed Atta meeting his Iraqi control in Prague. Saddam had no connection to the anthrax attack, the perpetrator of which we still do not know. Saddam’s regime had no ties to al-Qaeda. Saddam was not preparing bio-weapons or nuclear weapons to attack the United States, despite the lies we were told by “Saddam’s Bomb-Maker.”

Saddam’s WMD factories had been smashed in the Gulf War or dismantled by UN inspectors or abandoned. While we were calling him a liar, the rattlesnake was telling us the truth.

Yet as half the American people still believe Saddam had a hand in the mas-

sacres of 9/11, the War Party and its media allies successfully stampeded us into a war that could yet turn into, as Gen. William Odom predicts, the greatest strategic disaster in American history.

Did the neocons ever believe what they told us? That they planned, plotted, and propagandized for a war on Iraq for half a decade before 9/11 has been established beyond refutation by this magazine. That they exploited 9/11 to push an agenda they adopted years before 9/11 is a secret to no one. The real question is about the veracity of the president of the United States.

From what is now known, my sense is George W. Bush did not come to the presidency committed to war on Iraq but was converted soon after 9/11. Once persuaded by the cabal that Saddam had to be removed, however, like a single-minded, remorseless prosecutor, he put before the jury every scrap of evidence, no matter how flimsy, that the neocon cherry-pickers selected for him, while any evidence suggesting Saddam was contained and posed no threat was kept from him.

One wonders whether President Bush knows how he has been used, for their own ends, by the neoconservatives whom his father never fully trusted and, wisely, never entrusted with real power.

If this war ends as General Odom seems to believe it will, the Bush presidency will have been destroyed by the neocons. And now, except for the hapless Scooter, they are moving to greener pastures and new candidates, having succeeded in their great goal of planting an American army in the heart of the Middle East.

How we get our troops out, and home, is not their problem. ■

The Battle for France

The riots aren't about social justice but who will rule.

By Paul Belien

ON THURSDAY NIGHT, Oct. 27, two teenagers, Ziad Benna (17) and Banou Traoré (15), fled into an electrical power substation in the Paris suburb of Clichy-sous-Bois. They were hiding from police who had entered the suburb to investigate a robbery. Why the boys fled and climbed over the three-meter fence of the power station is unclear. The result, however, was something every moderately intelligent schoolboy could have foreseen: they got electrocuted.

When the fire brigade arrived to retrieve their bodies, something happened that every moderately intelligent French politician could have foreseen. Neighborhood gangs attacked the firemen and police officers and went on a rampage, setting fire to dozens of cars. The same thing happened during the following nights, when schools, shops, and restaurants were also set ablaze. At first the media did not devote much attention to the rioting. These things happen every day in the predominantly immigrant and largely Muslim neighborhoods surrounding every major French city.

Only one week earlier Interior Minister Nicolas Sarkozy had declared in *Le Monde*: "Violence in French suburbs is a daily fact of life. Since the beginning of the year stones were thrown at 9,000 police cars and each night 20 to 40 cars are torched." For some years, vehicle burning has been a favorite way to celebrate New Year's Eve. If only 30 cars are set ablaze on an ordinary night and just 300 on New Year's, the French police consider the situation to be "stable."

France is not exceptional. Police officers and firemen are used to having stones thrown at them in Western Europe's immigrant neighborhoods as a normal part of their daily routine. This is what Andrew Osborn of the British Sunday newspaper *The Observer* wrote after visiting Borgerhout, the largely Moroccan suburb of the Flemish city of Antwerp, in December 2002: "Outsiders aren't welcome. 'Go home before we beat your f-----g white ass,' is how one group of young men greet The Observer. Passing police cars are bombarded with a barrage of expletives and spittle."

Here is what Rolf Landgren, a police officer in the Swedish town of Malmö, told Steve Harrigan of Fox News in November 2004: "If we park our car it will be damaged—so we have to go very often in two vehicles, one just to protect the other vehicle." Fear of violence has changed the way police, firemen, and emergency workers do their jobs, explained Harrigan. There are some neighborhoods Swedish ambulance drivers will not go to without a police escort.

The following dispatch is from neighboring Denmark, where this October rioters burned down a kindergarten in Århus. The newspaper *Jyllands-Posten* witnessed how the fire brigade did not dare to enter the area. Private firefighters were sent in under armored police protection: "Falck, a private emergency service, sent a group of fire engines under police escort to the Kjærslund nursery. A window had been shattered at the back of the house, and the fire had been blazing, apparently caused by gaso-

line poured onto the floor and lit. Falck stopped on Viby Square, a couple of kilometers from the site of the arson attack, waiting for the police to turn up so they could be escorted to the nursery."

These examples, unknown to Americans but all too familiar to many Europeans, show how for years virtual no-go areas have been forming in Old Europe. The areas were abandoned by left-leaning authorities intent on not "provoking" the immigrants with police presence.

These pockets of Eurabia are scattered across the western part of the continent. Some of the gangs consist of Islamic radicals, some are plain mafia gangs engaging in "secular" criminal activities, some are a mixture of both. Whenever right-wing law-and-order politicians try to reassert the state's authority over their territories, heavy rioting follows. This is what recently happened in Denmark, where Louise Gade, the mayor of Århus, announced a zero-tolerance policy and ordered a crackdown on troublemakers "so ordinary law-abiding citizens could feel safe in their homes again."

This is also what happened in France. The rioting that started on Oct. 27 was triggered by the death of two foolish youths. However, it was the inevitable result of Minister Sarkozy's determination, expressed during the previous months but most forcibly on Oct. 19, to wage "total war" against "urban violence, burning cars, the gangs occupying income halls of apartment blocks, the underground economy in the suburbs." Sarkozy announced that 17 additional

units of CRS (*Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité*) and 7 units of mobile gendarmerie would be deployed in Paris. "I want to see clear results within the next six months."

It was a declaration of war. If only he had been ready for the war he was taking on.

To understand the events in Europe today, we must return to 1975. In June 1975, 200 parliamentarians from Western European countries convened in Strasbourg, where they unanimously adopted

European countries did everything they could to allow them to keep their culture, customs, traditions, and way of life rather than asking them to assimilate or integrate in Western society. On the contrary, European "natives" who requested the latter were decry by the chattering classes as "Islamophobe." In some countries Islamophobia was even made a criminal offense.

Multiculturalism, however, cannot exist, except as several cultures living side by side in defined territories, where

which are led by people of intelligence and integrity and some of which are led by fools, have attracted the votes of people who are the victims of the policies recommended in the 1975 Strasbourg Resolution. In some nations, as in Belgium, these parties have become the biggest in the country, with the establishment trying to ban them on charges of racism. As they keep growing, however, ambitious politicians of the center-right, such as Nicolas Sarkozy, have begun to speak "tough." Whether they are doing so because they realize the mistakes of the past or just because they want to keep the "natives" from voting for the "extreme right" is unclear.

Sarkozy became the most popular politician in France with his outspokenness, while at the same time he became a hate figure for the immigrant gangs ruling the no-go areas in the French suburbs and for the left-wing intellectuals who condoned these "youths" as if they are a type of "noble savages" untainted by the evilness of Western civilization.

The riots that began on Oct. 27 in Clichy-sous-Bois lasted for days, grew ever more violent, and spread throughout France, until the whole world noticed. It is easy to understand why the "youths" in the suburbs turned so violent when Sarkozy tried to establish law and order there. The "youths" have held sway there, unchallenged, for decades. If they allow the French authorities to reassert their authority, they lose their own power base. Unlike the Western intellectuals, they realize that everything boils down to the question of who wields power over a specific territory. The police and the gangs fight over whose laws will apply in the neighborhood: the laws of the French Republic or the laws of Eurabia.

As Dyab Abou Jahjah, the young and charismatic Brussels-based leader of the European Arab League, has said, "We believe in a multicultural society as a

THE AUTHORITIES TACITLY ALLOWED THE IMMIGRANTS TO **LIVE BY THEIR OWN RULES.**
THE **NATIVES WHO COULD AFFORD TO LEFT**, WHILE THOSE WHO COULD NOT BECAME
FOREIGNERS IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

the Resolution of Strasbourg. The politicians represented all shades of the political spectrum, except the far Right, which at that time did not have parliamentary representatives anywhere. The resolution was written by Tjil Declercq, a left-wing Belgian Christian-Democrat who also happened to be a notorious appeaser of the Soviet regime.

The text stated that Arab immigrants settling in Europe were entitled to bring their culture and religion to Europe, to promote it and spread it. The resolution stressed "the contribution that the European countries can still expect from Arab culture, notably in the area of human values" and asked the European governments "to accord the greatest priority to spreading Arab culture in Europe." The politicians also called upon the press "to create a favourable climate for the immigrants and their families" and on the press and academia "to emphasize the positive contribution of Arab culture to European development."

Throughout the following three decades, as millions of Muslim immigrants settled in Europe, the various

the laws of one culture do not apply in the territories of the others. As a consequence, the lower-class European neighborhoods where the immigrants settled came to resemble Muslim enclaves. The authorities tacitly allowed the immigrants to live by their own rules. The natives who could afford to left, while those who could not became foreigners in their own country. They are forced to obey the prescriptions of another culture and religion. Two years ago a Christian woman was beaten up in Borgerhout for eating in the streets during Ramadan. This year, Philippe Moureaux, the socialist mayor of Molenbeek, a predominantly Muslim suburb of Brussels, forbade police officers to drink coffee or eat sandwiches in the street during Ramadan. Moureaux, who wants to win the Muslim vote in next year's municipal elections, has also told the police that it is not expedient to patrol in Molenbeek.

As a result, more and more natives, especially lower-class people abandoned by their own governments, have begun to vote for parties of the so-called extreme Right. These parties, some of

social and political model where different cultures coexist with equal rights under the law. We do not want to assimilate and we do not want to be stuck somewhere in the middle. We want to foster our own identity and culture. Assimilation is cultural rape. It means renouncing your identity, becoming like the others." For Jahjah, Europe does not belong to the Europeans, it belongs to the Arabs as well: "I don't believe in a host country. We are at home here and whatever we consider our culture to be also belongs to our chosen country."

It is likely that Sarkozy did not realize what was really at stake when he declared "total war" in order to recapture the suburbs for the French Republic. However, for the Muslim radicals—invariably described in the media as "youths"—it is quite literally a war. The French government is renegeing on the 1975 Strasbourg Resolution. If multiculturalism is impossible except as different cultures "coexisting" on neighboring but different territories, the attempt of the French Republic to reconquer the suburbs is a strike at the heart of the culture of the immigrant "youths," an attempt to deprive them of their country. It is cultural rape, it is forcing them to become like the others, namely secularized Europeans.

Sarkozy, who deployed only policemen in his war, was unable to prevail because he did not have the weapons to win a territorial conflict. After two days of rioting, police officers warned that they did not have the means to win what they (correctly) described as a "civil war." The riots spread to the whole of France. Dozens of schools, shops, and factories were set ablaze and thousands of cars and buses. Molotov cocktails were thrown into buses while the passengers were still on them. The police were shot at.

Moreover, Sarkozy's enemies in the government did not want the interior minister to win the battle for the suburbs, which would make him immensely popu-

lar with ordinary Frenchmen. Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin, who is Sarkozy's main rival for the presidential elections in 2007, blamed the latter for having incited the "disturbances" with his inflammatory rhetoric which was said to have "provoked the youths."

While the battle for the suburbs went on, political bickering paralyzed the government. Jacques Chirac, the corrupt center-right president of France, who in 2002 won the elections in the second round from the far-right Jean-Marie Le Pen, distrusts Sarkozy. Chirac sees Villepin, an aristocrat appointee who has never held an elected office, as his crown prince. The president and the prime minister refused to crack down on the "youths" in the suburbs. They favor a policy of "dialogue" and "appeasement."

The latter constitutes not only an appeasement of the radical Muslims and the thugs in society but also of one's own mind. Indeed, it is more convenient to think that the cause of the riots is plain thuggishness resulting from discrimination on the job market.

The poor natives who live in the immigrants' neighborhoods know better, however. They know that the generals of Eurabia, the leaders of the "youths," drive BMWs and Mercedes (which no one dares to set alight), and that they use mobile phones and PCs to instruct their highly mobile troops. The war in France is not about social injustice, but about territory. ■

Paul Belien is the editor of www.brusselsjournal.com.

National Suicide

Jean Raspail foretold the breakdown three decades ago.

By James P. Pinkerton

WE WERE WARNED. Three decades ago, Jean Raspail published a novel, *The Camp of the Saints*, which served as a worst-case-scenario warning about the consequences of unchecked immigration into his native France and, by extension, into all of Europe. Raspail's book was a big seller in his home country, but his message was not heeded. Now, of course, he is being vindicated.

Today, after 9/11, Madrid, London, and the broad-daylight murder of Theo Van Gogh, Paris is burning.

How could this have been allowed to happen? What led to this influx of lions into countries full of lambs?

In *The Camp of the Saints*, Raspail provided his answer. Those who wel-

come large quantities of immigrants, he giped, were "righteous in their loathing of anything and everything that smacked of present-day Western society, and boundless in their love of whatever might destroy it." And so he spun his outrageous tale: one million poverty-stricken people ship out of India, bound for Europe. Along the way, other countries refuse to allow this teeming armada even the meagerest docking privileges—and who could blame them? As Raspail describes the scene aboard the immigrant convoy, "Everywhere, rivers of sperm. Streaming over bodies, oozing between breasts, and buttocks, and thighs, and lips, and fingers ... a welter of dung and debauch."

But France is persuaded that these people are a “million Christs,” whose arrival will “signal the dawn of a just, new day.” In other words, Raspail writes, what the French are lacking is a proper sense of national-racial consciousness, “the knowledge that one’s own is best, the triumphant joy at feeling oneself to be part of humanity’s finest.” Instead, he concludes, after having been beaten down by decades of multicultural propaganda, “the white race” has become “nothing more than a million sheep.”

And so this Indian multitude—reduced to 800,000 by rampant onboard disease and violence—is allowed to land in Southern France, whereupon the Ganges Horde immediately commences rape, rack, and ruin. Then other immigrants come pouring in to the West, too: “the swarthy millions roaming the streets of New York and

object ... proclaimed the dignity of those who had lived there—their discretion, their propriety, their reserve, their taste for those solid traditions that one generation can pass on to the next, so long as it still takes pride in itself.” Such objects, and the ideas that connect them and give them value, are the touchstones of patriotism. As another Frenchman, Emile Durkheim, observed, nations survive only if they unite around common emblems of nationhood.

Another who agreed that group solidarity requires a sense of uniqueness was George Orwell. Writing in 1941, when his country was in danger of losing to Germany, Orwell rallied his fellow citizens, reminding them, “When you come back to England from any foreign country, you have immediately the sensation of breathing a different air. Even in the first few minutes dozens of small things conspire to give you this

With comparable sentiments, Raspail summons up his poetical-historical defense of France. In the novel, an aging professor, clearly a symbol of France itself, muses aloud about long-ago Gauls who defended their homeland. “Had I been with Aetius,” he pronounces, “I think I would have reveled in killing my share of Hun.” Girding himself further as he prepares to take up arms against the looming sea of trouble, the old man reflects about what it might have been like to fight alongside Charles Martel, Godfrey of Bouillon, the Byzantines, and Don Juan of Austria, who defeated the Turks at the naval battle of Lepanto in 1571. In Raspail’s view, the ghosts of the past should speak loudly to the present with their common adjuration: repel the barbarians.

Second, if Raspail was right about what motivates people to defend their homeland, he was equally right about what it takes to de-motivate them. His novel may be a dystopic parable, but he was dead-on in his depiction of the systemic guilt-tripping that has afflicted the West. Only a few years before he published his book, Susan Sontag had wailed, “The white race is the cancer of human history.” Using such suicidal sentiments as grist for his fictional mill, Raspail sets up a confrontation between a conventional Everyman and a group of self-hating multiculturalists. Says Everyman: “There’s not one of you proud of his skin, and all that it stands for.” To which the answer comes, “Not proud, or aware of it either. ... That’s the price we have to pay for the brotherhood of man. We’re happy to pay it.”

Yet just as Raspail was right about the beliefs of many fellow Westerners—our breed is bad, we deserve to be birth-controlled and aborted out of existence—he was also right about the grand strategy of many in the Third World, for whom “the winning of the North,” through immigration-invasion, has been the ultimate goal.

IN RASPAIL’S VIEW, THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST SHOULD SPEAK LOUDLY TO THE PRESENT WITH THEIR COMMON ADJURATION: REPEL THE BARBARIANS.

London, or the myriad blacks and Arabs ready to spew from the cellars of Paris.” And so the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.

Many, of course, have simply dismissed Raspail as racist. But two factors elevate his writing and his message.

First, he demonstrates a canniness about human nature and what it takes to motivate people to defend their homeland. “Man never has really loved humanity all of a piece,” he writes. It’s inherent that we like some more than others—and some not at all. Indeed, in the spirit of Edmund Burke, the wisest of political scientists, Raspail invokes the spine-stiffening power of stolidity and continuity that is unique to one’s own place. Describing one Frenchman’s centuries-old house, he lyricizes, “Each

feeling. The beer is bitterer, the coins are heavier, the grass is greener.” This paean is romantic, perhaps even irrational, rhapsodizing, but Orwell had a war to win, and so he offered even more particularist patriotism: “There is something distinctive and recognizable in English civilization. It is a culture as individual as that of Spain. It is somehow bound up with solid breakfasts and gloomy Sundays, smoky towns and winding roads, green fields and red pillar-boxes. ... Moreover it is continuous, it stretches into the future and the past, there is something in it that persists, as in a living creature.” After reading that apostrophe, what son or daughter of Albion wouldn’t leap to the defense of their sceptered isle against invaders or despoilers?

So while Raspail did not know the specifics of Vicente Fox's slow-motion demographic crusade to recapture much of America for Mexico, he apprehended the general truth, decades before Fox first articulated his *reconquista*.

The irony of France's situation today—as immigrants and the children of immigrants commit exactly the kind of mayhem that Raspail warned against—is that far more than most peoples, the French have a strong sense of nationhood, from their overall striving for *la gloire* to their picky campaign to purge non-French words from their vocabulary. And unlike, say, the British, the French have no advanced tradition of civil liberties that prevents a tough approach in the assimilation of foreigners. Yet on the other extreme, unlike, say, the Germans, they have no totalitarian history to live down. So in theory, there's no reason why the French couldn't use statist coercion to turn North African Muslims into good and loyal Frenchmen.

But now we know, in reality, that Paris has failed. And why is that?

Most obviously, the French have a lot of people to Gallicize; almost 10 percent of the population are Muslims, not the gentler Hindus of Raspail's imagining. Moreover, many of these Third Worlders have imbibed the radical ideology of Frantz Fanon, the French West Indian who became a partisan for radical causes, culminating in his 1961 book, *Les Damnés de la Terre* (*The Wretched of the Earth*). Fanon's influence has always been greatest in the Francophone world, and so his hymns to the "cleansing power of violence" have been northstars of Euro-leftist philosophy.

Piled on top of Fanon is the legacy of 1968, which hit France even harder than the United States. A critical mass of the French intelligentsia has permanently embraced the worst of '60s ideology, which holds that all authority is terror-

ism, that the cure of nationalism is internationalism, and that the West, in particular, is guilty as charged—of all charges. These were the people that Raspail most feared and at whom *The Camp of the Saints* was most targeted.

In the decades since, the premiers of Paris cultivated an image of hard-nosed *realpolitik*, in which the coolly calculating descendants of Descartes would use facts and logic to resolve the Ethnic Question. And so in 2004, the government imposed a ban on headscarves—worn mostly, of course, by Muslim women—in state schools and in other public institutions. The new law was intended to accelerate the French-ification of the non-native population, and it might have worked, if it had come 10 or 20 years earlier. Instead, mostly unemployed Muslim youths, with no citizenship in their home country, and no loyalty to their new country, have staged their own *Lord of the Flies* along the Seine. No wonder the French are so cynical about everything, especially their government; they have paid their taxes, suffered through the political speeches, and now they discover that *l'état* has failed in its most elemental Hobbesian function, which is the maintenance of order in the streets.

But even before the recent riots, the aging Raspail—he was born in 1925—was bluntly pessimistic about France's fate. Last year he published a piece in *Le Figaro*, declaring

[T]hose of French stock—bludgeoned by the throbbing tom-tom of human rights, of 'the welcome to the outsider,' of the 'sharing' dear to our bishops etc., framed by a whole repressive arsenal of laws known as 'anti-racist,' conditioned from early childhood with cultural and behavioral 'crossbreeding,' with the requirements of 'plural France' and with all the by-prod-

ucts of old Christian charity—will no longer have any alternative but to degrade their own children, or merge, without offspring, into new-mould French 'citizen' of 2050.

Because I am convinced that the fate of France is sealed, because 'My house is their house' (Mitterand), inside 'Europe whose roots are as much Muslim as Christian' (Chirac), because the situation is moving irreversibly towards the final swing in 2050 which will see French stock amounting to only half the population of the country, the remainder comprising Africans, Moors and Asians of all sorts from the inexhaustible reserve of the Third World, predominantly Islamic, understood to be fundamentalist Jihadists, this dance is only the beginning. ... France is not the only concern. All of Europe marches to its death.

Of course, it might not be only Europe. America faces threats, too. And just on Monday came news that Australian authorities had arrested 17 men allegedly involved in a terror-bombing conspiracy. One of these "Australians" is Abu Bakr, a "spiritual leader" born in Algeria, who until the arrests was best known for extolling Osama bin Laden as a "great man."

This should serve as a reminder to us all: while a few in the West have been sounding the alarm against foreign invasion for many years now, many in the East have been sounding a clarion call of their own—that they're coming to conquer us. ■

James P. Pinkerton is a columnist for Newsday and a fellow at the New America Foundation in Washington, D.C. He served in the White House under Presidents Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush.

All the Veep's Men

The text of the Libby indictment suggests Fitzgerald isn't finished.

By Justin Raimondo

THE RESPONSE OF the neocon Right to Patrick J. Fitzgerald's indictment of Scooter Libby was predictably bizarre. The same people who are telling us that the real story in Iraq is that our troops are building schools and helping little old ladies cross the street threw their hats in the air and all but claimed vindication. David Frum, writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, could hardly contain his glee. In Frum's alternate universe, what he calls the "big theory" of Fitzgerald's investigation—"a sinister cabal of senior administration officials deceived the United States into fighting an unnecessary war"—has been debunked. This means the "little theory"—"there was no deception, no conspiracy, no punishment, and no compromise of security," except that somebody told a bunch of white lies—is supposedly vindicated. One wonders what indictment he was reading—or if he read it at all. His *National Review* colleague, Jonah Goldberg, declares, with characteristic light-heartedness, "it sure looks to me like this investigation is going nowhere." Five counts of lying: no big deal.

Neocons are tough on crime—except when it concerns their own. R. Emmett Tyrrell, the *American Spectator* editor who has now apparently taken up a second career as a comedian, mocks the outed Valerie Plame. The Democratic leadership, says Tyrrell, "apparently believes the pretty female agent could have been assassinated, presumably while shopping among the foreign agents in nearby cosmopolitan Tysons Corner or right there in the produce section at the Safeway, bashed by a coconut

hurling assassin." Tyrrell doesn't dare aim his disdain at Fitzgerald, but the implication is that the special prosecutor foolishly believes this, too.

The *New York Sun*, the neocons' vanity newspaper of record, hardly waited until Fitzgerald's press conference was over before it demanded a pardon for Libby. Inveighing against "overzealous" prosecutors, the paper opined that Libby "may have been telling the truth," or maybe he "misremembered"—yeah, that's it!—and, in any event, no crime was ever committed, except, of course, by Joe Wilson and perhaps Fitzgerald himself, who has launched "an assault on the Presidency." If only Libby and his friends in the administration had outed a Mossad agent, instead of a covert CIA employee, perhaps then the *Sun* would realize the seriousness of Fitzgerald's investigation. Instead, however, it insists that the president should "shut down the prosecution," a battle cry that has not yet been taken up by the rest of the neoconservative movement. Give them time.

The Scooter Libby Fan Club is taking its cues from a widespread misconception, echoed in the *Sun's* editorial, that nothing in Fitzgerald's indictment implicates Libby, or anybody else, with committing the "underlying crime"—outing Plame. Libby's defenders have resorted to the same tactics they utilized in lying us into war: cherry-picking. They lift isolated sentences out of Fitzgerald's indictment and ignore the overall portrait he draws of what was clearly a conspiracy to expose Plame's identity.

A federal indictment is not exactly *Atlas Shrugged*. It is concise and spare almost to the point of austerity, wasting no words on anything other than informing the defendant of the charges against him. This does not, however, describe the Libby indictment. In a most unusual move, Fitzgerald cites a statute Libby is not charged with violating—Title 18, United States Code, Section 793—the Espionage Act, forbidding disclosure of classified information to persons not authorized to receive it. Furthermore, the indictment is structured as if in preparation for pending charges, noting that Libby had security clearance and had signed a "Classified Information Nondisclosure Agreement," stating in part, "I understand and accept that by being granted access to classified information, special confidence and trust shall be placed in me by the United States Government," and "I have been advised that the unauthorized disclosure, unauthorized retention, or negligent handling of classified information by me could cause damage or irreparable injury to the United States or could be used to advantage by a foreign nation."

Libby's fans are no doubt muttering, "But he wasn't charged with espionage!" No—not yet. The key to understanding what Fitzgerald is up to is contained in the transcript of the press conference.

Frum underscores the misconception that minimizes the indictment when he writes, "Under the little theory, if Mr. Libby had only told the truth about what had happened, there would have been no crime at all." This question—"If Mr. Libby had testified truthfully, would he be being

charged in this crime today?”—was asked at the press conference, and Fitzgerald’s answer directly refuted the “nothing to see here, move along” theory pushed by Frum, Goldberg, and the *New York Sun*. He averred that “if national defense information which is involved because [of Plame’s] affiliation with the CIA, whether or not she was covert, was classified, if that was intentionally transmitted, that would violate the statute known as Section 793, which is the Espionage Act.”

The Espionage Act is not to be treated lightly. It could easily become an American version of Britain’s Official Secrets Act, and clearly that, in Fitzgerald’s view, would not be a desirable result. So you “have to be very careful in applying that law because there are a lot of interests that could be implicated in making sure that you picked the right case to charge that statute.” How do you know which is the right case? It depends on the specific facts. The problem is that Scooter’s lies obscured them, and it was impossible to make a judgement. As Fitzgerald put it at the press conference:

Let’s assume, for the moment, that the allegations in the indictment are true. If that is true, you cannot figure out the right judgment to make, whether or not you should charge someone with a serious national security crime or walk away from it or recommend any other course of action, if you don’t know the truth. ... If he had told the truth, we would have made the judgment based upon those facts ...

In our age of obfuscation, when someone speaks clearly and concisely, as Fitzgerald does, he might as well be talking in a foreign language.

The meaning of the Libby indictment is plain to anyone who cares to examine it. It clearly sketches the outlines of a conspiracy to reveal classified information to unauthorized persons: it nails the vice

president as the original source of the information that Plame worked at the counter-proliferation unit, which means she was a covert operative—not a desk-jockey, as the Libby-ites contend. Also nailed: “Public Official A,” widely believed to be Karl Rove, still under investigation.

The indictment traces the trail of a conspiracy to expose Plame’s identity, detailing Libby’s path as he trolled the highways and byways of the national-security bureaucracy, digging up—with the collusion of others—the details of Wilson’s wife’s employment as an undercover agent and disseminating that information to reporters.

And here’s one aspect of the indictment that is generally overlooked: it describes the genesis of the apparent decision to expose Plame, the point that pushed the vice president’s men over the line into illegality. Fitzgerald highlights the publication of an article in *The New Republic* in which Wilson is quoted as saying “administration officials knew the Niger story was a flat-out lie.” Shortly thereafter, Libby and his then-Principal Deputy, Eric Edelman, discussed how much they could get away with in pushing their story that Wilson’s trip to Niger was a junket procured by his wife. The indictment states: “Libby responded that there would be complications at the CIA in disclosing that information publicly, and that he could not discuss the matter on a non-secure telephone line.” Libby knew the risks he was taking and feared exposure, although it is perhaps too much to expect that he felt guilty doing it.

This isn’t just about Libby the deceiver, although his fabrications are brazen enough. His recollection of his conversation with Tim Russert, for example, appears to be a story invented out of whole cloth. Libby’s talent as a would-be novelist—he is the author of one novel, *The Apprentice*—is on full display in Fitzgerald’s indictment.

However, Libby’s brazen indifference to truth shrinks into insignificance next to the treason concealed by his lies. Fitzgerald’s revelation of the catalyst that set Libby off—Wilson’s remark that the administration “knew the Niger story was a flat-out lie”—touches on the real “underlying crime” at the heart of this matter: the Niger uranium forgeries.

Those documents were crude fakes and yet somehow evaded detection and were integrated into the U.S. intelligence stream, eventually forming the basis of the president’s contention that Iraq sought to buy uranium in “an African country.” The forgers duped the U.S. government—but did they do so with the collusion of U.S. government officials? If the answer is yes, no wonder Wilson’s accusation in *The New Republic* struck a nerve.

“This isn’t over,” said Fitzgerald at his press conference, and the “free Libby” crowd had better brace themselves for an expansion of their defense committee. “Having read the indictment against Libby,” writes John Dean, “I am inclined to believe more will be issued. In fact, I will be stunned if no one else is indicted.”

Hanging over the heads of the vice president and his men is the threat that Fitzgerald will charge them with conspiracy to reveal classified information. Libby’s ability to lie is all that stands between Dick Cheney and an indictment.

David Brooks complained on the Nov. 6 “NewsHour with Jim Lehrer” that to accuse Libby and his cohorts of engaging in a conspiracy to “lie us into war” amounted to “McCarthyism.” But as we now know, thanks to the Venona transcripts and the opening of the Soviet archives, McCarthy was right. Luckily for us, Patrick Fitzgerald is temperamentally and stylistically the exact opposite of good old Tailgunner Joe. ■

Justin Raimondo is editorial director of Antiwar.com.

Halftime Report

The GOP looks toward midterms without presidential coattails.

By W. James Antle III

ONE YEAR BEFORE the 2006 midterm elections, Republicans find themselves in unfamiliar territory. As President Bush's approval ratings—depressed by Iraq, energy prices, and scandal—slide below 40 percent, GOP strategists are contemplating an election cycle in which the man who was their chief asset in the last two campaigns is instead a liability.

If this dire scenario holds, Republicans won't just lose the helpful bounce in the polls that once accompanied a presidential campaign swing. They will lose the benefits that came from Bush being a more tireless party-builder than Ronald Reagan. The White House played a key role in recruiting and encouraging the candidates responsible for most of the GOP's Senate pickups in 2002 and 2004. Republican candidates have rallied in red states by tying themselves to Bush's popularity and casting the Democrats as the party of foreign-policy weakness and cultural weirdness.

But if the president and the Iraq War are both unpopular, the formula doesn't hold. And the congressional Republican leadership isn't faring much better. In an NBC News/*Wall Street Journal* poll, 48 percent of voters wanted the Democrats to control Congress compared to 39 percent who preferred the GOP.

"There is a sense of frustration and failure around the Republican Party," says Democratic consultant Mark Mellman. Republican-leaning libertarian commentator Ryan Sager, writing in TechCentral-Station, warned, "The parallels between 1994 and 2006 keep piling up."

Despite the Republicans' precarious position, it won't be easy for the

Democrats to regain control of Congress. Political analyst Charles Cook estimates that just 28 House races will be competitive, compared to the 106 districts that were in play in 1994. Democrats are defending 18 Senate seats to the Republicans' 15, including three of the four open seats. For Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid (D-Nev.) to become majority leader, Democrats must keep all their seats and claim six held by the GOP.

A tall order, to be sure, but Democrats are optimistic. They have several vulnerable GOP incumbents in their sights while Republicans are rapidly losing pickup opportunities.

One of those missed opportunities was the chance to deprive Sen. Robert Byrd (D-W. Va.) a record ninth term. West Virginia, one of the last Democratic holdouts below the Mason-Dixon Line, was a Karl Rove success story. Bush carried the state twice, winning by 13 points in 2004. Byrd opposed the president on tax cuts and the war. His fiery anti-Bush speeches have made the 87-year-old an unlikely hero to MoveOn.org and a ripe GOP target. Byrd isn't a conventional liberal—he voted to confirm John Roberts and his "A" career rating from the restrictionist Americans for Better Immigration is better than most Republicans'—but he is the kind of Democrat that has been slowly disappearing from the Senate for years. If only Republicans could find a credible candidate. Rep. Shelley Moore Capito (R-W. Va.), the only potential challenger to give Byrd a scare in the polls, said no.

She isn't alone. The GOP has had problems recruiting challengers for other red-state Democratic senators. North Dakota Gov. John Hoeven decided not to run against Sen. Kent Conrad (D-N.D.). Party leaders haven't done any better finding a suitable opponent for Sen. Ben Nelson (D-Neb.), while Rep. Katherine Harris (R-Fla.) badly trails Sen. Bill Nelson (D-Fla.).

Not long ago, Republicans would have been clamoring to enter those races. "Now instead of toss-ups, these will be safe Democratic seats," says Mellman. The Democrats, by contrast, have done remarkably well fielding Senate candidates.

Pennsylvania Treasurer Bob Casey Jr. has already opened up a double-digit lead over Sen. Rick Santorum (R-Pa.). Sen. Charles Schumer (D-N.Y.), from his perch at the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee (DSCC), persuaded Missouri Auditor Claire McCaskill to enter the race against freshman Sen. Jim Talent (R-Mo.). The DSCC raised \$32 million as of Sept. 30—actually outperforming its Republican counterpart—and has recruited serious candidates for at least six Republican-held seats in total.

Two high-profile Democrats are vying to challenge Sen. Mike DeWine (R-Ohio), where state GOP leaders have their own problems with scandal and sagging poll numbers. The more colorful challenger is Paul Hackett, who served with the Marines in Iraq and doesn't hold back in his criticism of Bush on the war. Hackett was unafraid to call the president a "chickenhawk" and said things like, "I don't like the son of a bitch that

lives in the White House, but I'd put my life on the line for him."

Despite—or perhaps because of—such rhetoric, Hackett rose to national prominence when he won 48 percent of the vote in a special congressional election in a lopsidedly Republican district. Democratic operatives were energized.

The NRA has signaled it would back Hackett against DeWine, a Republican who generates little enthusiasm on the Right. But the incumbent's weakness finally lured a more established antiwar Democrat into the race, Congressman Sherrod Brown (D-Ohio). Hackett has outsider status and favorable press; Brown has more cash on hand and the backing of five of the six Democratic congressmen from Ohio.

Iraq will also feature prominently in Rhode Island, where the only Republican senator to vote against the war is up for re-election. But Lincoln Chafee isn't a traditional conservative in the mold of antiwar House Republicans like Tennessee's John Duncan or Texas's Ron Paul; he is one of the few remaining Rockefeller Republicans. National GOP leaders were unable to dissuade Cranston Mayor Stephen Laffey from mounting a conservative primary challenge. Laffey is pro-war but to Chafee's right on taxes, abortion, and judges.

But even Chafee will have difficulty winning the general election. Republican strategists have concluded that Laffey would surely be beaten by the Democrats. Consequently, the National Republican Senatorial Committee (NRSC) has spent \$147,200 so far on ads aimed at defeating Laffey and propping up one of the GOP's least reliable Senate votes. Whoever wins the primary, Democrats consider Rhode Island one of their best pickup opportunities.

As Democratic Senate gains loom, National Republican Congressional Committee (NRCC) Chairman Tom Reynolds (R-N.Y.) has circulated memos

and taken to the pages of *The Hill* to proclaim that all is well for the House GOP. House Republicans have done better at recruitment and the NRCC has a 2-to-1 cash advantage over its Democratic counterpart. But some of Reynold's arguments seem strained. He criticized Democrats for trying to nationalize congressional races—exactly the strategy that Newt Gingrich followed in winning the House in 1994.

But if there is a Democratic Newt Gingrich, he has yet to present himself. With the possible exception of Sen. Barack Obama (D-Ill.), the party lacks popular national leaders while the GOP still has figures like Sen. John McCain (R-Ariz.) and Rudy Giuliani. Political coverage is replete with examples of party insiders anonymously sniping at Democratic National Committee Chairman Howard Dean, criticizing his fundraising prowess and tactical decisions.

That is what makes the 2006 House races difficult to predict. Many of the Republican incumbents who will be targeted have withstood Democratic tides before, in 1996 and 1998. Larry Sabato of the University of Virginia's Center for Politics says, "It's a long year and Republicans still have plenty of time to recover." Mellman, while bullish on Democratic prospects, concedes, "1994's don't come along very often, so I hesitate to predict one."

"A year is an eternity in politics," says poll analyst Karlyn Bowman of the American Enterprise Institute. That is certainly true. When President Bush was re-elected last year, few would have predicted that his vaunted political capital would be depleted so quickly. Bill Clinton's fortunes turned around dramatically between 1995 and 1996.

What can Republicans do? The withdrawal of Harriet Miers and her replacement with base-pleasing Judge Samuel Alito was one early attempt to turn things around. Although his confirmation hearings could provoke a divisive

national debate on *Roe v. Wade*, the constituency for conservative judges is larger than the constituency for blocking them.

That seems to have been the conclusion of Ohio's DeWine. A participant in the judicial filibusters compromise, he was the first to declare he would split from the Gang of 14 if the Democrats tried to block a vote on Alito—an unmistakable overture to disenchanted Buckeye State conservatives.

But there will be no easy fix. "It is harder to bring poll numbers up than to have them go down," says Bowman, noting that during a slump even positive characteristics can turn into negatives. "Decisiveness can start to be seen as arrogance."

With senior White House aides under investigation or indictment, former House Majority Leader Tom DeLay (R-Texas) battling charges, and widespread voter anxiety about the economy, the GOP brand is acquiring a negative label. Political analysts note that this is not an easy problem for incumbents to correct.

Iraq, with its growing human toll, is contributing to this negativity. It also threatens to endanger the GOP's reputation as the more serious party on foreign policy and national defense, a strong advantage in dangerous times. "Bush is undercut by the war and he undercuts the war," says Mellman. Bowman points out that "hardcore antiwar opinion," defined as favoring an immediate withdrawal of American troops, has increased from about 15 percent to as high as 33 percent over the last year.

Democrats have spent the last 10 years plotting their Capitol Hill comeback. Aside from a brief interlude in the Senate during 2001-02, caused by a Republican defection rather than an election, they keep falling short. Democrats still have their work cut out for them. But this time, they might be the party that reaps the Bush benefit. ■

HOW CAN AMERICA RESTORE ITS INDUSTRIAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY?

The wealth that the US achieved in the early 20th century has been eroded by encouraging other countries to build their industrial base while not taking care to insure a domestic industrial future for ourselves.

This has been extensively documented and is evidenced by 30 years of trade deficits and the largest ever recorded trade deficit of \$617 Billion last year and a current account deficit of \$665 Billion - the US simply does not produce what it needs to sustain itself.

WHAT CAN WE DO TO CORRECT IT?

Awareness of our failing domestic industry

US consumers of many products including capital equipment now find that foreign imports or foreign-owned domestic producers provide a better value or quality than domestic counterparts, if those even exist.

Other countries are taking unfair advantage of our free markets

Our current policies are failing to stimulate competitive domestic industries sufficient to sustain the US. We cannot cope with predatory practices of China and Japan, who take advantage of our free and open markets but themselves utilize subsidies, protectionism, and below-cost pricing to undermine and destroy our industrial base.

These unsustainable US trade deficits for 30 years are destroying this country. To remain a world class productive country, major (perhaps revolutionary) changes need to take place, taxes, subsidies, and/or tariffs as needed. There are several options, for example:

1) Protectionism

By closing the trading borders, domestic demand may be met with increased industrial domestic investment. However, in limiting foreign goods, US consumers will not be able to afford much needed goods until domestic industry catches up. There is also the risk of encouraging domestic monopolies.

2) Government direct investment

For industries that do not provide

sufficient return for risking private capital, there should be a way to employ public money to benefit the entire country. This is what happens with government healthcare programs, military, public transportation, and other national security programs. There should be some mechanism to insure that core commodity industries (like steel and transportation) that form the basic platform for a self-sufficient industrial country should be maintained even if these commodity industries themselves are not profitable to private investors competing against foreign subsidized state-run companies.

Examples from other countries

Japan through its Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) has very successfully helped provide leadership and assistance for development of industrial productivity and employment while maintaining a flourishing capitalistic economy. According to the Federation of American Scientists (FAS), *"MITI facilitated the early development of nearly all major industries by providing protection from import competition, technological intelligence, help in licensing foreign technology, access to foreign exchange, and assistance in mergers."*

MITI is a successful case study in how the Japanese government can work with its industry to stimulate core sectors that serve the entire country without attempting to establish a centrally planned economy.

The FAS continues: *"MITI served as an architect of industrial policy, an arbiter on industrial problems and disputes, and a regulator. A major objective of the ministry was to strengthen the country's*

industrial base [by encouraging investment through incentives and selection of most needed products and development procedures to be developed that would benefit their most important industries like steel and robotics].

It did not manage Japanese trade along the lines of a centrally planned economy, but it did provide their industries with administrative guidance and other direction, both formal and informal, on modernization, technology, investments in new plants and equipment, and domestic and foreign competition."

Take the best that other countries have to offer and refine it with our own experience and objectives.

By doing nothing we are bound to be buffeted by those other countries that have a strong plan to continue to dismantle our industry and economy.

The results speak for themselves

Industrial success has led to a Japanese \$181 Billion current account surplus with the rest of world last year compared to a US \$665 Billion current account deficit with the rest of world. Japan has used intelligent planning as opposed to our unplanned industrial regression (e.g. the auto industry). Japan is accomplishing this from a zero base of ashes from the end of WWII with 4% of our land area, 40% of our population and no natural resources. Their example shows there are better ways, that major changes should take place immediately or we will soon be relegated to a 2nd class power with a much lower standard of living.

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Twilight of Conservatism

The rise of Bushism wouldn't have surprised Robert Nisbet.

By Thomas E. Woods Jr.

"WAR AND THE MILITARY are, without question, among the very worst of the earth's afflictions," an American conservative of distinction once wrote, "responsible for the majority of the torments, oppressions, tyrannies, and suffocations of thought the West has for long been exposed to. In military or war society anything resembling true freedom of thought, true individual initiative in the intellectual and cultural and economic areas, is made impossible—not only cut off when they threaten to appear but, worse, extinguished more or less at root. Between military and civil values there is, and always has been, relentless opposition. Nothing has proved more destructive of kinship, religion, and local patriotisms than has war and the accompanying military mind."

That was Robert Nisbet in 1975. In *The Conservative Intellectual Movement Since 1945*, George Nash identified Nisbet, along with Russell Kirk and Richard Weaver, as one of the three most noteworthy of those intellectuals he identified as traditional conservatives. Of the three, Nisbet probably remains the least known among modern conservatives—a shame, and one that we can hope Brad Lowell Stone's very good biography of Nisbet may help to rectify.

Robert Nisbet was born in Los Angeles in 1913, and spent much of his youth in the Golden State. He did his graduate and undergraduate work at Berkeley, whose faculty he joined in 1939; he would later teach in both the history and sociology departments at the University

of Arizona and Columbia University. By the time of his death in 1996, he had written 17 books and gained a reputation (in the words of his biographer) among "his admirers and detractors alike as one of the most original and influential American social theorists of his generation."

Throughout his life, he managed to travel in a variety of conservative circles. He spent 1978-80 at the American Enterprise Institute, and enjoyed adjunct scholar status there well into the 1980s. His articles occasionally appeared in neoconservative periodicals like *Commentary*.

How could an anti-militarist have maintained such connections? As well as being an exceptionally personable figure, Nisbet was a man of enormous influence. In addition to his other achievements, he was the social-science editor at Oxford University Press, and it is said that when he received the Albert Schweitzer chair at Columbia he was the most highly paid professor in America. (It is probably also true to say that both AEI and *Commentary* were better and less ideologically rigid institutions a quarter century ago than they are now.)

This year marks the 30th anniversary of Nisbet's *Twilight of Authority*, long considered something of a minor classic, and it is from that book that most of Nisbet's words that follow have been taken. Most interesting are three things: Nisbet's warnings about the ongoing growth in executive power, his prescient critique of American conservatism, and his skepticism and caution about the growth of the warfare state that has long

since vanished from establishment conservatism.

Nisbet's 1953 classic *The Quest for Community* argues that for the most part, every major modern political philosopher in the West, from Hobbes to the present, has taken as his starting point the idea of a unitary, all-powerful central state ruling over an undifferentiated aggregate of individuals, and which is legally and temporally prior and superior to all subsidiary associations. This became the model for political association throughout the West since the French Revolution. Every competing center of authority—family, local community, church, or any number of others—was increasingly subordinated to the central state.

Part of the reason that totalitarianism enjoyed such triumphs during 20th century, Nisbet suggested, was that deracinated men, stripped of the traditional social identities that these intermediary associations had once provided, longed for something to put in their place. That sense of belonging was fulfilled, for some, in the totalitarian state, which developed upon the ruins of those very associations and which offered men both a source of meaning and a sense of belonging, thus serving as a crude substitute for the social identities that smaller associations, suppressed or marginalized by the massive bureaucracy at the center, had once forged for them.

Much as he deplored the centralization of power that continued apace in the U.S. during his lifetime, Nisbet would

never have confused his country with a totalitarian state of the sort with which the last century was riddled. Still, Nisbet noticed analogous trends toward the centralization of power in Washington—and in the hands of the president in particular—at the expense of smaller and more immediate associations. The conservative movement today, on the other hand, convinced that one of its own is in the White House—even those conservatives who have something critical to say about the president always wind up rallying to him as soon as Ted Kennedy utters an unkind word—has exhibited no discernible concern over the growth in executive power.

The modern-day cult of personality that surrounds the president probably originated with the ebullient and idiosyncratic Theodore Roosevelt, whose great variety of interests along with his sheer energy attracted the rapt attention of so many Americans. In addition to these accidents of personality, TR also brought with him a full-fledged philosophy of the presidency, not entirely dissimilar to that of his supposed arch-enemy, Woodrow Wilson.

TR contended that the burden of proof was on those who would restrain presidential power; for him, it was enough that a proposed presidential action was not prohibited by the Constitution. He described the executive branch in general and himself in particular as the unique spokesman of the entire American people, since he alone occupied an office in whose election all Americans participated. (John C. Calhoun, on the other hand, had memorably observed that, strictly speaking, there was no such thing as “the American people,” since such an aggregate had no place in our decentralized order of self-governing states.)

These principles, combined with TR’s anxiousness to have a hand in everything, led to a dramatic elevation in the

vigor and visibility of the presidency. For instance, TR once convened a conference at the White House to discuss how rough play in college football might be addressed. We would think nothing of such an incident today, and of course in the grand scheme of things it is of no importance at all. But in 1903, the fact that the president would involve himself in a matter so trivial, a matter that until that time all Americans would have assumed fell to the organs of civil society to resolve, was of no small significance.

It is no coincidence that the number of executive orders issued by the president exploded under TR’s watch, since they comported so well with his philosophy of the presidency. Presidents Rutherford Hayes and James Garfield had each issued none. Chester Arthur issued three, Grover Cleveland (first term) six, Benjamin Harrison four, Cleveland (second term) 71, and William McKinley 51. In his nearly two terms in the office, TR issued 1,006.

At least some conservatives were heard to complain when the Clinton administration’s Paul Begala, speaking of executive orders, gleefully squawked: “Stroke of the pen, law of the land. Kinda cool.” (Clinton once described Teddy Roosevelt as his favorite Republican president.) But the number of conservative critiques of executive power run amok that we have heard since the accession of Bush 43 can safely be rounded off to zero. Whatever the explanation for this silence, it is probably not this president’s scrupulous restraint and modesty in his exercise of presidential power.

Nisbet deplored this. But what particularly disturbed him was the almost grotesque mystique that had come to surround the American president. “Not only what the President thinks on a given public issue,” Nisbet wrote, “but what he wears, whom he dines with, what major ball or banquet he may choose to give, and what his views are

on the most trivial or cosmic of questions—all of this has grown exponentially in the regard lavished by press and lesser political figures upon the presidency during the past four decades.” There were monarchical pretensions in all this, he said, for the first care of royalty “is that of being constantly visible, and naturally in the best and most contrived possible light for the people.”

Nisbet likewise spoke of “a regard for the monarch that makes him virtually sacred in presence, that thereby gives his person a privileged status in all communications and that creates inevitably the psychology of constant, unremitting protection of the President not merely from physical harm but from unwelcome news, advice, counsel, and even contact with officers of government.” Apart from the last point, which may be a reference to the special relationship Nixon had with Kissinger when it came to foreign policy decisions, the resemblance of Nisbet’s description to the reality of the Bush presidency is too great to escape notice.

In case comparing the president to the kings of yore seems overwrought, Nisbet invites us to consider the nature of the official iconography, ceremony, and architecture that has come to surround the American presidency. He quotes the *New York Times*’ Russell Baker: “[The Rayburn Building] dwarfs the forum of the Caesars. Mussolini would have sobbed in envy. ... [But] the Kennedy Center nearly succeeds for bare-faced oppression of the individual spirit. Poor Lincoln, down the road a piece in his serene little Greek temple, would be crumpled like a candy wrapper if the Kennedy Center could flex an elbow. The Pentagon of the warlike forties is matched by a monstrous new Copagon, home of the FBI, astride Pennsylvania Avenue. The vast labyrinths bordering the mall would make a minotaur beg for mercy.”

"My misgivings are not about the wretched architects," continued Baker, "who must give Washington what it pays for, but about their masters who have chosen to abandon the human scale for the Stalinesque. Man is out of place in these ponderosities. They are designed to make man feel negligible, to intimidate him, to overwhelm him with the evidence that he is a cipher, a trivial nuisance in the great institutional scheme of things."

In 2005, Baker would be dismissed as an incorrigible America-hater, but Nisbet, a genuine conservative, replied with sympathy. "It has always been thus," he began. "Merely compare the public architecture of Greece before and after the rise of Alexander; of Rome, before and after Augustus, and before and after the eruption of, first, Renaissance despots in Italy and then divine right monarchs. The change in American government that has taken place during the past several decades is almost perfectly evidenced by the change in the style and character of its buildings in Washington."

Writing in the wake of Watergate, Nisbet took note of "a good deal of resentment against royalism in the White House." He knew it would not be permanent. "There are too many powerful voices among intellectuals—in press, foundation, and elsewhere—that want a royal President provided only that he is the right kind of individual." He feared that the only lessons that had been learned from Watergate were "to avoid such idiocies as tapes and illegal, unwarranted break-ins. ... I would be astonished if the real lesson of Watergate—the Actonian principle that all power tends to corrupt, absolute power absolutely—were other than forgotten utterly once a crowd-pleasing President with the kind of luster a John F. Kennedy had for academy, press, and the world of intellectuals generally comes back into the White House."

For much of the Left, Nisbet explained, a strong president as a unifying force was too central to their idea of the American polity to be dispensed with just because a Republican had disappointed them. "There are those, such as Arthur Schlesinger, who argue indeed that only a strong and richly visible President can hold the fabric of democracy intact, that the President is the only vital symbol of unity and consensus." (That these words of a center-left social democrat might just as easily have come from practically any neoconservative is not without its significance.)

Nisbet also argued that it wasn't just executive power that conservatives showed little interest in limiting; it was federal-government power in general. "The prospects for conservatism are hardly bright," he concluded in 1975. "It became great by virtue of its fight against power, which now is being converted into a fight for capture of power, central power."

Eleven years later, in *Conservatism: Dream and Reality*, that bleak assessment had not improved:

The Far Right is less interested in Burkean immunities from government power than it is in putting a maximum of governmental power in the hands of those who can be trusted. It is control of power, not diminution of power, that ranks high. Thus when Reagan was elected conservatives hoped for the quick abolition of such government 'monstrosities' as the Department of Energy, the Department of Education, and the two National Endowments of the Arts and Humanities, all creations of the political left. The Far Right in the Reagan Phenomenon saw it differently, however; they saw it as an opportunity for retaining and enjoying the powers. And the Far

Right prevailed. It seeks to prevail also in the establishment of a 'national industrial strategy,' a government corporation structure in which the conservative dream of free private enterprise would be extinguished.

Some people were not prepared to render quite so harsh a judgment in 1986. But apart from Nisbet's perhaps misleading use of the term "Far Right," if the experience of five years of George W. Bush and the lukewarm-to-nonexistent conservative opposition to the greatest budget-buster since LBJ doesn't begin to vindicate him, what would?

We also see in the work of Robert Nisbet far more caution about the warfare state than can be found in just about any mainstream conservative organ today. There was, first of all, a connection between war and the growth in executive power that we have already seen him deplore. "The day is long past," he warned, "when this phrase ['national security'] was restricted to what is required in actual war. As everyone knows, it has been, since World War II under FDR, a constantly widening cloak or umbrella for governmental actions of every conceivable degree of power, stealth, and cunning by an ever-expanding corps of government officials."

As we now know in detail, the utilization of the FBI and other paramilitary agencies by Presidents and other high executive department officers for the purposes of eavesdropping, electronic bugging, and similarly intimate penetrations of individual privacy goes straight back to FDR, and the practice has only intensified and widened ever since. Naturally, all such royalist invasions have been justified, right down to Watergate, under the name of national security. The record is clear

and detailed that national security cover-up has been a practice of each of the Presidents since FDR ...

Of all the misapplications of the word “conservative” in recent memory, Nisbet wrote in the 1980s, the “most amusing, in an historical light, is surely the application of ‘conservative’ to ... great increases in military expenditures. ... For in America throughout the twentieth century, and including four substantial wars abroad, conservatives had been steadfastly the voices of non-inflationary military budgets, and of an emphasis on trade in the world instead of American nationalism. In the two World Wars, in Korea, and in Viet Nam, the leaders of American entry into war were such renowned liberal-progressives as Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman and John F. Kennedy. In all four episodes conservatives, both in the national government and in the rank and file, were largely hostile to intervention; were isolationists indeed.”

It would be difficult, said Nisbet, to imagine a combination more at odds with traditional conservatism than military adventurism and ideological crusading.

Nisbet could find much to disturb a traditional conservative even in the rhetoric of Ronald Reagan: “President Reagan’s deepest soul is not Republican-conservative but New Deal-Second World War Democrat. Thus his well noted preference for citing FDR and Kennedy as noble precedents for his actions rather than Coolidge, Hoover, or even Eisenhower. The word ‘revolution’ springs lightly from his lips, for anything from tax reform to narcotics prosecution. Reagan’s passion for crusades, moral and military, is scarcely American-conservative.”

Nisbet recalled that contrary to popular opinion, the political Left for the most part had not opposed war *per se*. Hard leftists have historically found much revolutionary potential in war. “Napoleon was the perfect exemplar of

revolution as well as of war, not merely in France but throughout almost all of Europe, and even beyond. Marx and Engels were both keen students of war, profoundly appreciative of its properties with respect to large-scale institutional change. From Trotsky and his Red Army down to Mao and Chou En-lai in China today, the uniform of the soldier has been the uniform of the revolutionist.”

War, argued Nisbet, is “by nature revolutionary in its impact upon a people. ... Its values ... are antithetical in the extreme to the values of kinship-based society with its consecration of tradition, conventionality, and age or seniority.”

Nisbet suggested further that the revolutionary and the military man both possessed a disdain for “traditional civil society, its privileges, immunities, and conventional authorities.” For both, this society, particularly in its modern capitalist form, “can seem egoistic, venal, needlessly competitive, often corrupt, and fettered by privilege unearned. Careful reading of the memoirs of the great generals in history will, I am sure, reveal as much distaste for all this as one finds in the memoirs of revolutionists.”

Less extreme leftists have been no less enthusiastic for war’s potential to transform the home front, Nisbet added. Leftist intellectuals were practically unanimous in favoring U.S. entry into World War I since they understood the opportunity it presented for institutional change at home. Wartime economic planning, they were convinced, would help to erode Americans’ conservative beliefs in the limits of government and the inviolability of private property.

The experience of wartime planning never entirely faded from the national consciousness, and certainly not from that of the Left. When the Depression came, the Left jumped at the chance to revive the spirit of government planning it had so assiduously cultivated during the Great War. The rallying cry was “We

planned in war”; now, therefore, we shall plan in peace. War symbolism was ubiquitous in the imagery adopted by Franklin Roosevelt’s New Deal. “In terms of frequency of use of such symbols by the national government,” wrote Nisbet, “not even Hitler’s Germany outdid our propagandists.”

Needless to say, this was no anomaly. “[I]t is in time of war that many of the reforms, first advocated by socialists, have been accepted by capitalist governments and made parts of the structures of their societies,” Nisbet pointed out. “Equalization of wealth, progressive taxation, nationalization of industries, the raising of wages and improvements in working conditions, worker-management councils, housing ventures, death taxes, unemployment insurance plans, pension systems, and the enfranchisement of formerly voteless elements of the population have all been, in one country or another, achieved or advanced under the impress of war.”

Nisbet, therefore, as even this brief survey reveals, was altogether different from the interchangeable automatons and mediocrities who pass for conservative commentators in 2005. Among the worst aspects of the collapse of traditional conservatism is that my children will grow up in a world in which vulgar and belligerent nationalism will be presented to them as the alternative to leftism. Nisbet would not have been surprised at this unfortunate situation. But he would surely have continued to employ his talented and incisive pen against it, reminding his fellow Americans that in the midst of the right-wing noise machine there still existed, if somewhat chastened and neglected, a humane and principled conservatism to which civilized men could repair. ■

Thomas E. Woods Jr. is the author, most recently, of How the Catholic Church Built Western Civilization.

National Review at 50

How the country's oldest conservative magazine succumbed to the lure of politics.

By Chilton Williamson Jr.

ON NOVEMBER 19, William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Review* turns 50 years old. Fifty years is nearly an eternity for any modern institution—a magazine in particular—to survive, but *National Review* is not any institution. While hardly the *fons et origo* of American conservatism, as it has often been portrayed, *NR* was, unquestionably, both the focus and the rallying point of intellectual conservatism in the postwar era. Similarly, though the magazine did not long remain the sole architect and arbiter of American conservatism, it does represent the grandfather elm whose scions, grafted to new wood, produced a line of successive conservative publications.

Still respected, and read, after 50 years, *National Review* has not gone unchallenged by other magazines claiming to represent conservative thought and politics, despite, or rather as a result of, its having taken a port tack, 20 or so years ago, toward the neoconservatives that delivered the magazine into the safe, comfortable, highly respectable, and politically unassailable harbor of Beltway conservatism. For these reasons, the title of Jeffrey Hart's *The Making of the American Conservative Mind: National Review and its Times* (the volume's release from ISI Books was timed to coincide with the anniversary celebrations) fails to suggest the subject in its entirety, historically or intellectually.

National Review has played an indispensable role in the shaping of contem-

porary American conservatism. Just as surely, the *National Review* mind is not synonymous with the American conservative mind, of which it is part, not synecdoche. Proof of this assertion is demonstrable in many ways, as a comparison of *NR* with other conservative publications in respect of content, the identities of the writers printed in the magazine, and the professional connections and social associations of its present staff would attest. Even so, it is sufficient here to note that, for a great many people who call themselves conservative, *National Review* has been—as far back, perhaps, as the late 1960s—a disappointment, not only for what it has had to say, but for what it has left unsaid; not alone for the issues it has addressed, but for those it has chosen to ignore and at times seemed to pretend are nonexistent. In this regard, of course, *NR* is no different from any other magazine of opinion. A publication loved by all who come in contact with it—even those self-selected from a particular band of the social, political, and metaphysical spectrum—would be one so lacking in identity, character, and personality as to be scarcely worth reading at all.

On the other hand, *National Review*, considered—as Professor Hart, a senior editor at the magazine from the late 1960s down to the present day, considers it—in the context of its half-century of existence, appears progressively marked by a certain narrowness that in the magazine's golden age (c. 1955-68) was less a reflection of the collective

intellect of its editorial board than the result of deliberate strategy. I expect Hart would take issue with this assessment of the magazine on whose board he remains the sole holdover from the *ancien régime*. In point of fact, he and I are saying at bottom, I believe, the same thing. "Throughout its history," Professor Hart explains,

National Review has been tempted by a politics of wishing, or utopianism. Its mistakes have been instructive. That is, even the magazine's mistakes have assisted in the achievement of a nominative conservatism, described by Buckley as the 'politics of reality.' It has been the process of trying to achieve a 'politics of reality' that made *National Review* over the years the most interesting magazine of its kind in the United States.

At the same time, as Hart makes explicit, *National Review* was founded as a magazine of ideas, not of politics alone, in "an attempt to change the mind of the American intellectual elite in a conservative direction."

Politics and ideas are hardly incompatible between the same covers; they are, rather, self-reflexive and mutually supportive, so long as the politics do not attempt to play politics with the ideas—so long, that is, as the intellectual enterprise maintains a critical distance from public affairs and rejects the temptation to insert itself as a collective political operative into the world of partisan pol-

itics as a player whose chief influence is direct and political in preference to indirect and cultural. In an ideal world, it would be possible to have it both ways; but, as *National Review* has always been foremost in insisting, the world we have inherited and are compelled to live in is not an ideal one.

Probably the journal that has come closest in American history to realizing that ideal was *The New Republic* in its heyday nearly a century ago; and indeed, it seems to have been a conservative

Hart and Buckley as “the dominant intellectual presence” at *NR*—gradually prevailed over his friend and masthead superior, guiding Buckley away from his ideal impulses toward a strategic realism intended to move the magazine toward a greater political effectiveness and in that way rescuing *National Review*—with help initially from Whitaker Chambers—from “dogmatism and utopianism.” (A former Trotskyite, Burnham succeeded in rescuing himself to the extent that he could favor Nelson

part coldly conscious of their ways, means, and ends,” served to divide the Right. Following McCarthy’s death in 1957, however, a lead editorial seemed to qualify the magazine’s earlier enthusiasm, sounding a cautious note and observing that the senator, after all, had failed to draw necessary distinctions between communism and liberalism.

In 1956, Eisenhower was running for election to a second term. Unsurprisingly, *National Review’s* treatment of the president was wholly negative—before Burnham returned from the Republican convention in San Francisco to report that only right-wing nuts had opposed his nomination. Burnham, having assessed the interests brought together by Stevenson and Eisenhower, concluded that the Democratic coalition was considerably to the left of the Republican one. Moreover, Dean Acheson, Chip Bohlen, and George Kennan were hard anti-Communists, certainly not men given to appeasement, let alone capitulation. And so Burnham, according to Hart, exerted himself to bring Buckley around to a strategic or “realistic” position with regard to the GOP, albeit one seasoned by a “principled” opposition to political expediency. For Hart, this is an example of the changing direction of Burnham’s thought, “away from alienation and toward engagement and centrality,” and also of his slow-working but often, in the long run, decisive influence at *NR*.

Even Burnham, however, the cool geopolitical realist, was subject on occasion to bursts of fierce idealism, as in his response to Eisenhower’s refusal to support the Hungarian uprising in 1956. In an editorial appearing in the Nov. 10 number the same year, he proposed that “after specifying escalating kinds of pressure, and as a last step, an ultimatum should be given to the Soviets to withdraw their troops from East Europe.” This editorial, Hart insists,

BUCKLEY WANTED THE MAGAZINE TO APPEAL TO AN AUDIENCE WITH AN EDUCATED TASTE. BUT HE ALSO WANTED TO ALLY THE MAGAZINE WITH POTENTIAL POWER.

version of *TNR* that Buckley, Willi Schlamm, and James Burnham sought to create in 1955. But *The New Republic* was (and is) contemporary in its politics and its culture, while *National Review*, even as it grew increasingly eager to accept the reality of modern political life with all its limitations and frustrations, was culturally traditional—and traditionally religious to boot. Thus, what had always been a cakewalk for *The New Republic* amounted to a tightrope for the newcomer on the opposite side of the political and civilizational divide. According to Hart, Buckley “wanted the magazine, from the beginning, to appeal to an audience with an educated taste. But he also wanted to ally the magazine with potential power, and to challenge the liberal Establishment.” Bill Buckley was biting off a great deal. There is no reason to believe that a man as brilliant as he didn’t know this.

The central thesis of Hart’s book, thus, is that the history of *National Review* may be read as a protracted struggle “between wish and reality, what it would like to be true and what in fact was true.” According to this reading, James Burnham—recognized by both

Rockefeller as the Republican presidential nominee in 1964, write admiringly of Gerald Ford when he became president in August of 1974, and become an advocate for the center-right GOP, more eager to re-educate the Eastern Elite than to destroy it.) In the early years of the magazine’s history, however, Hart admits, “prudential conservatism was not yet in charge.”

According to Hart, *National Review’s* treatment of Joseph McCarthy was an early example of this tension between wish and reality. The magazine supported McCarthy from its very first number and continued to support him after his censure by the Senate. In 1955, most of the senior people at *NR* were pro-McCarthy—including Burnham, who considered the senator to be correct in some at least of his allegations and a valuable barking-dog. Buckley, his distaste for populism notwithstanding, was a partisan, and so were Frank Meyer, Brent Bozell, and Schlamm. The most skeptical of the editors seems to have been, of all people, Chambers, who warned Buckley that McCarthy, “a man fighting almost wholly by instinct and intuition, against forces for the most

expressed the corporate judgment of *National Review*.

On the domestic front, the magazine stood, from the start, in opposition to *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*, in part from the constitutionally principled argument that the decision represented the judicial usurpation of “rights reserved to the states respectively” and a visceral objection to the “centralizing, totalist obsession shared by the Court and the federal executive”; for the rest, on the Burkean ground that, whereas in June 1954 relations between whites and blacks in the United States had been more amicable and promising than at any other time in national history, following *Brown*, race relations in the South and North had “catastrophically worsened.” In 1960, an unsigned editorial summed up the deteriorating racial situation in America with brutal candor:

We offer the following on the crisis in the Senate and the South: 1) In the deep South the Negroes are by comparison with the Whites, retarded (‘unadvanced,’ the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People might put it). Any effort to ignore the fact is sentimentalism or demagoguery. Leadership in the South, then, quite properly, rests in White hands. Upon the White population this fact imposes moral obligations of paternalism, patience, protection, devotion, sacrifice.

As for filibustering at the time by senators from the Southern states, far from being the regressive horror depicted by liberals, the filibuster itself is “a living remnant of the great doctrine of the concurrent majority defined by John C. Calhoun. It survived the Civil War. One hopes that it will survive the displeasure of *The New York Times*.”

Four years after those uncompromising words were written, Sen. Barry

Goldwater of Arizona received the Republican nomination for president at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. Initially, Goldwater’s emergence into presidential politics divided *National Review*. Bill Rusher had been among the leaders of the Draft Goldwater movement. A populist son of the Middle West, Rusher rejoiced in the prospect of the Republican Party base shifting to the South and West. Burnham, predictably skeptical of a Goldwater candidacy, leaned toward Rockefeller; his skepticism was shared by Buckley himself. In the end, of course, Rusher’s man won—won, and then lost, apparently calamitously. Rusher himself understood the landslide away from Goldwater differently. “On any serious accounting,” he wrote in his book *The Rise of the Right*,

1964 was the most important and truly seminal year for American conservatism since the founding of *National Review* in 1955. It laid the foundations for everything that followed. Before 1964, conservatism was at best a political theory in the process of becoming a political movement; after 1964, and directly as a result of it, conservatism increasingly became the acknowledged political alternative to the regnant liberalism—almost fated, in fact, to replace it sooner or later.

As much of a watershed year as 1964 was for the Republican Party and American conservatism generally, it was to prove equally as significant—in some ways, still more so—for the magazine that had good claim to having set in motion the process that produced its landmark events.

By 1968, the editorial board at *National Review* had reached consensus on Willmoore Kendall’s understanding of the U.S. Constitution as being, in Hart’s words, “a permanent agreement on the orthodox American theory of rep-

resentative government,” the expression of a “virtuous”—meaning a prudent—people. According to Hart, a slow change had been effected over the years from “paradigm conservative politics” to a “consensus, strategic politics” that eschewed theoretical absolutism and utopianism. Henceforth, the editors committed themselves to electing, in Buckley’s formula, “the most rightward electable candidate”—Buckley’s considered definition of “mainstream.” It seems entirely appropriate, therefore, that Richard Nixon’s nomination that same year should have been accredited, at the time and since, to William F. Buckley Jr.

The thing made sense, so far as *National Review*’s commitment to practical politics went. But what of its self-imposed mission as upholder and promoter of metaphysical principle, high intellect, and Western civilization? Buckley himself had always insisted that politics is not an end in itself but a means toward sustaining civilization, with its aesthetic and intellectual achievements. To repeat, *NR* had been founded, first and foremost, as a magazine of ideas, aimed at educating the American intellectual elite and converting it to the magazine’s view of the world. In other words, *National Review* was dedicated to acknowledging Truth uncompromisingly, from principle first but also from the conviction that, in Richard Weaver’s phrase, “ideas have consequences.” The great question therefore is: to what degree is paying reality its intellectual and moral due compatible with accommodating the frequently differing or even conflicting reality of politics, with getting the “most rightward electable candidate elected,” while keeping sufficiently in the winner’s good graces following Election Day as to be allowed to play the role of trusted friend and political advisor after his attainment to office? The history of *National Review* since 1968 suggests

that succeeding in both of these ambitions at once is difficult at best. Also that, when one or the other has to give, political expediency too often prevails over intellectual integrity.

Undoubtedly, it is a heady experience to find oneself on the telephone weekly with the president of the United States and the secretary of state almost daily, to compose speeches delivered by famous candidates, and to be invited to the best Washington parties. Yet a careful accounting of the gains and losses incurred by *National Review* from its closeness to the Nixon and, even more, the Reagan administrations would be instructive. Even were Hart correct in his implied claim that the magazine was, for a time, a major influence at “the centers of power in the government of the most powerful nation on earth” (which seems an overstatement, to say the least), it remains in question whether that influence was really worth having. Nixon, as Hart pretty much admits, was a fiasco. Reagan was more successful as president, yet he was at bottom a right-wing liberal and no true conservative at all, whose achievements owed as much to historical coincidence as to anything else.

Rusher has enthused that Reagan “led the conservative movement to victory.” But what kind of victory was this? Not a lasting one, obviously. In 2005, the country stands further to the left than it did when the conservative hero departed the White House in 1989. Much worse, it has become even more the object of an invasion by tens of millions from south of the border that President Reagan did little, if anything, to resist. In 1968, Buckley observed in his syndicated column that the nations of Western Europe saw no benefit but only danger from Third World immigration; why should immigrants have anything better to offer the United States? After that column, to the best of my knowledge, Buckley didn’t touch the

subject again for nearly 30 years. It is true that, in the early ’90s, *National Review* under the editorship of John O’Sullivan, adopting the restrictionist position, hit the immigration issue hard and that his successor, Richard Lowry, has called for immigration reform. But O’Sullivan didn’t last as editor, while the magazine’s present position on the issue gives the impression of being more strategic than heartfelt. The reasons for this reluctance are obvious, and also quite in line with strategic conservatism. Mainstream Republicanism as represented by Nixon, Reagan, and both Bushes, and reflecting in part its business constituency, is at best tolerant of, at worst enthusiastic for, immigration, whether of the legal or the illegal variety; so are the neoliberals—better known as

ward constitute one of the great works of conservative thought and experience.” In substantial degree, he is speaking the truth. On the other hand, too many of the more recent volumes evince not so much a disengagement from what Russell Kirk called “the permanent things” as forgetfulness that one of conservatism’s essential functions may be to keep alive lost causes in the knowledge that no cause, as T.S. Eliot said, is ever really lost. The task entails seeking to understand where a civilization has taken the wrong road, regardless of whether the possibility exists for it to retrace its steps to the critical junction and choose the other one. And this is not utopianism but Wisdom—a fact of which Jeffrey Hart, a truly learned man, can scarcely be unaware. Indeed, he

NIXON WAS A FIASCO. REAGAN WAS MORE SUCCESSFUL AS PRESIDENT, YET HE WAS AT BOTTOM A RIGHT-WING LIBERAL.

neoconservatives—with whom *National Review* conservatives formed a (strategic!) alliance during the Reagan administration.

And the immigration issue is by way of example only. Keeping Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, Bill Clinton, Al Gore, and John Kerry out of the White House may, or may not, be of final importance. One way or another, it is a staggering price to pay for keeping your mouth shut concerning what is by far the greatest threat to its present integrity and future existence the United States has encountered in the entirety of its history as a nation.

Professor Hart concludes his book with the suggestion that “*National Review* has been a great model, vigorous always, through mistakes and self-corrections, from November 1955 forward. If read as a single book, all of those bound volumes from 1955 for-

regrets especially, among the many changes inflicted upon *National Review* by the Lowry administration, the relegation of what he calls “[a]ttention to serious conservative thought of high quality” to the books section—“pushed to the back of the bus, like Birmingham blacks during the Fifties”—and the related shortchanging of the permanent things. These high matters, he complains, have been sacrificed to “[t]he simplicities of topicality [which] become a parody of liberal simplifying dogmatisms.”

Hart finds the renovated *National Review* of the present day deserving of criticism on other grounds as well. He is critical of its support for untrammelled free-market economics, its blind faith in the Republican Party as the party of conservatism, and its continued enthusiastic support of George W. Bush. Like the historian John Lukacs, Hart views the

GOP as captive to the new American Populists, led by their commander in chief: a hard Wilsonian and moral authoritarian determined to drag the United States away from conservative principle and experience. Finally, he deplores the fact that, under Lowry, *National Review* has become notably less Christian in its focus and interests—no matter the magazine's refusal to acknowledge as a conservative anyone who supports abortion rights and advocates the cause of stem-cell research.

Hart's highest and most inclusive claim on behalf of *National Review* is that, for the last half-century, the magazine has taught conservatives how to think. That is a lesson that Professor Hart, a convert to the Catholic Faith, should be able not only to recognize but teach to superb effect. It is the more puzzling, therefore, that he should find himself in opposition to Richard Lowry *et al.* on the basic human life issues. Referring the reader to *National Review* editorials published over the years criticizing Catholic moral teaching in our day, Professor Hart argues that the Church's prohibition of birth control is widely ignored and philosophically weak, while *Roe v. Wade* is politically irreversible. "Too many powerful political forces are aligned against [overturning] it, and it is therefore a utopian notion." In defense of this position Hart cites Burke for his "sense of the complexity of society and, concomitantly, of the great power and complexity of forces driving important social processes and social change."

For once, alas, quoting the great Burke availeth not. Men tamper with political principle at their risk; metaphysical reality at their peril. ■

Chilton Williamson Jr. is Editor for Books at Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture and was formerly the Literary Editor of National Review.

Recent press revelations about CIA secret detention centers might have been based on information leaked by disgruntled agency officials

who were incensed by White House attempts to authorize the CIA to torture terrorist detainees. At the end of October, CIA Director Porter Goss and Vice President Dick Cheney visited Senator John McCain to seek CIA exemption from his anti-torture amendment to the defense appropriations bill. McCain, who was tortured by the North Vietnamese, would not agree. Many CIA operations personnel were angered at Goss and Cheney's attempt, saying it further stigmatized an already demoralized agency, and a retired CIA official who had been critical of Goss reportedly provided the *Washington Post* with at least some of the information regarding the detention centers, hoping publicity would kill White House moves to put the torture onus on the CIA. The impending investigation of the leak will focus on the Operations Directorate, likely resulting in a new wave of resignations and further damaging already low morale, but it will also send the signal that Porter Goss is cleaning house and no leaks will be tolerated. The issue of the prisons and what intelligence purpose they serve will be lost in the shuffle. Nearly all al-Qaeda detainees have been squeezed dry and have nothing more to provide. Some CIA officers argue that prisoners like Abu Zubayda and Khalid Shaykh Muhammad should not become permanent wards of the agency and should instead be turned over to the Justice Department for prosecution. Khalid Shaykh Muhammad, for example, ordered the beheading of journalist Daniel Pearl and could be tried for murder.



One of the more intriguing aspects of the federal investigation into the activities of Washington lobbyist Jack Abramoff is his Israeli connections.

His large \$2.2 million bail is reported to be due to fears that he would flee to Israel, as some of his business associates have already done, to avoid prosecution. Abramoff, an Orthodox Jew and ardent Zionist, set up a charity called Capital Athletic Foundation, which illegally provided \$140,000 worth of weapons and security equipment to hard-line Israeli settlers. Abramoff also allegedly convinced Congressman Robert Ney, House Administrative Committee chairman, to award a contract worth \$3 million to a start-up Israeli telecommunications firm called Foxcom Wireless. The contract was for the installation of antennas in House of Representatives buildings to improve cell-phone reception. Not surprisingly, such equipment can be designed to have what is known as a "back door" to enable a third party, in this case Mossad, to listen in. That an Israeli firm should be given such a contract through a selection process that was described as "deeply flawed and unfair" is inexplicable, particularly as there were American suppliers of the same equipment, and it suggests that the private conversations of some of our congressmen might not be so private after all. In a previous scandal in 2001, FBI investigators strongly suspected that two Israeli companies, AMDocs and Comverse Infosys, which had been allowed to obtain U.S. government telecommunications contracts, were able to use back-door technology to compromise the security of DEA, Pentagon, and White House phones.

Philip Giraldis, a former CIA Officer, is a partner in Cannistraro Associates.

Arts & Letters

FILM

[*Jarhead*]

Silver Screen Semper Fi

By Steve Sailer

WAR MOVIES have been getting more stomach-churning over the decades, but that hasn't hurt recruiting. The more gore on the screen, the more boys want to prove they're man enough to take it. Although Marines have been dying in Iraq at a disproportionate rate, the manliest of all the services still hit its enlistment quota for fiscal year 2005, while the more feminized Army has struggled.

Former Marine Lance Corporal Anthony Swofford writes in *Jarhead*, his somewhat embroidered Desert Storm memoir about his love-hate relationships with war and his fellow warriors, "Vietnam war films are all pro-war, no matter what the supposed message, what Kubrick or Coppola or Stone intended."

Indeed, when "Apocalypse Now" was finally released in 1979 after years of hype about how it would be the ultimate antiwar movie, I noticed that all the most macho ROTC guys at my college were humming Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." Likewise, in this slow but often hilarious adaptation of Swofford's book, a theater full of Marines lustily sings along as Francis Ford Coppola's helicopters rain down death from above. Young soldiers, Swofford notes, are excited by war movies "because the magic brutality of the films celebrates

the terrible and despicable beauty of their fighting skills."

The highly literary Swofford (played by Jake Gyllenhaal), whose favorite book is *The Stranger*, Camus's novel about shooting an Arab, kvetches amusingly, if endlessly, about the Kuwait war. Still, his biggest regret was that Iraq was defeated before he had time to kill anybody, which is definitely not a shortcoming of the current administration's Iraq War.

Liberal critics have excoriated "Jarhead" for not being antiwar enough, claiming that its lack of a political agenda makes it "pointless." If only "Jarhead" condemned the first George Bush's war, then the public would turn against the second George Bush's war! Or something. That the conflicts were opposite in origin and execution has escaped the notice of most reviewers.

Although neocon keyboard combatants like John Podhoretz have conversely denounced "Jarhead" as not pro-war enough, the film isn't likely to hurt the USMC's 2006 recruiting drive. It's not particularly bloody, but it may set a new low for vulgar language and gross-out humor. You wouldn't want "Jarhead's" Marines dating your daughter, but it's reassuring to learn that America still produces lads this lively.

As many irate Marines have protested, you should take Swofford's Desert Storm tales with a grain of sand. He appears to have embellished what he actually saw during his five months of waiting in Saudi Arabia and four days of fighting in Kuwait with decades of grunt lore, such as the popular legend about the unfaithful Marine's vengeful wife who mailed him a videotape of "The Deer Hunter." When he popped it in to show his buddies, they discovered she had spliced in a home movie of herself consorting with

the guy next door. Of course, in Swofford's punched-up version, the other Marines want to watch it again.

The screenplay by William Broyles Jr., author of two fine engineers-solving-problems scripts for Tom Hanks in "Apollo 13" and "Cast Away," thankfully tones down Swofford's Holden Caulfield-like self-pity and stresses his riotous dialogue. Broyles can't do much with the book's lack of a plot, so "Jarhead" ends up resembling a documentary on steroids more than a conventional movie.

Having been a Marine infantry officer in Vietnam, Broyles should be embarrassed, though, by his ridiculous live-fire training scene in which novice snipers supposedly must slither under machine gun fire only two feet off the ground, with predictably fatal results. (In reality, the trainer's gun is set so it can't fire lower than eight feet high.)

British stage director Sam Mendes, whose only previous films were the overrated "American Beauty" and the beautiful but ponderous "Road to Perdition," wasn't an obvious choice to film "Jarhead," but his English approach to acting pays off because the USMC is perhaps the most theatrical institution this side of the Atlantic. Marine sergeants are not sincerely inarticulate mumblerers in the Marlon Brando Method tradition. Instead, like British stage stars, drill instructors are the heirs to a rich heritage of tricks of the trade for creating larger-than-life personae.

Under Mendes's guidance, Jamie Fox, an Oscar-winner for "Ray," takes his hanging curveball role as the tough but caring sergeant, an obscenely eloquent yet religious family man who loves war, and pounds it out of the park. ■

Rated R for pervasive language, some violent images, and strong sexual content.

Are We Blind?

Can't We See What Is Happening To Us?

We are living way beyond our means and improperly using statistics that distort reality and misleadingly show that things are wonderful. We are importing more, producing less in American-owned factories, and selling off our irreplaceable wealth-producing companies and other assets to pay for imports and debt.

Losing Ownership and Control Of Our Country

We are losing ownership and control of our country through unsustainable balance-of-trade deficits. In the last 10 years, we have lost \$3.0 Trillion through these trade deficits. \$1.3 Trillion has been returned and used by foreign companies to buy our best companies like Chrysler, Amoco, Atlantic Richfield Oil, and 8,600 other great companies. For example, key chokepoint industries like cement is 81% foreign owned, movie industry now 70% foreign owned.

GDP Far Overstates Our True Economic Health

We say our GDP is growing over 4% per year over the last 10 years. However, this statistic does not adequately measure the impact of the deterioration of our domestically owned production and manufacturing capabilities. 70% of GDP is consumer spending—dollars that now go largely to imports or products made domestically by foreign-owned companies (e.g., Hyundai's produced in Alabama). Figures from the IRS show that imports account for at least 25% of manufactured goods consumption in the U.S. and that many U.S. so-called domestic industries are actually 25% to 80% owned by foreign interests.

Rising GDP Only Increases US Trade Deficits

Therefore, as our domestically owned manufacturing continues to decline, rising GDP actually increases the balance-of-trade deficits. In other words, *the more our economy "grows," the deeper in debt we become*. On average, our balance-of-trade deficit has grown 24% compounded annually over the last 10 years. GDP simply does not account for the loss of wealth producing assets or the future cost of repaying the debts and rebuilding our lost industries.

In 2004 alone, the balance-of-trade deficit was a record \$617 Billion. That is approximately \$1.2 Million per minute leaving our country, coming back not to buy merchandise but to buy us out.

Repaying Our Debts With What?

How will we ever repay our debts (\$400+ Billion per year internal Government budget deficit plus \$600+ Billion per year external trade deficit) when we no longer have any significant tradeable, domestically owned wealth-producing industries left? How can we fund new growth and repay debts to foreign countries if our industries and their profits are owned by those very countries?

Our Priorities Are Distorted

While we focus on changing Social Security and other programs, we don't realize that no system will work if we are not able to create wealth within our own country to fund it. The most important priority is planning for our economic health, from which many other issues will be resolved. If this country is not fundamentally capable of sustaining itself without huge imports and massive borrowings, no amount of legislation will satisfy our obligations and sustain our standard of living.

How Well and How Long Can We Live Like This?

How secure can we be if we must live on imports and sell off or dismantle our factories? And how safe will we be if we are forced to *outsource* our manufacturing to foreign companies in order to compete? How can we justify subsidized foreign owned manufacturing *insourcing* in America (e.g., the auto industry) that is operating for their profit and their benefit while they destroy our unsubsidized and disadvantaged American-owned auto and other factories that are saddled with excessive health and pension costs? Chrysler is now a German company. General Motors is in quick decline and has lost \$1.1 Billion in the last quarter alone. Ford is quickly losing market share. If some outside enemy wanted to destroy America, they couldn't do it better than we are doing it to ourselves.

We are taking the invulnerability and permanence of our industries and our country for granted while other countries are actively engaged in our undoing. Why are we allowing this to happen? Who is responsible for this?

You have lived in a great country. At this rate, your children will not have it as good or as safe as you have had.

Write the President and your Congressperson your thoughts and suggestions.

Click on our website to view the names of many thousands of America's best corporations sold to foreign owners in the last 25 years

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BOOKS

[*Bait and Switch: The (Futile) Pursuit of the American Dream*, Barbara Ehrenreich, Metropolitan Books, 256 pages]

All About Barbara

By Marian Kester Coombs

TIME WAS WHEN conservatives would dismiss out of hand another exposé by a leftist would-be rabble-rouser like Barbara Ehrenreich. But these being times of violent political realignment when Left and Right appear to merge, converge, and otherwise shape-shift all over the landscape, one approaches with an open mind any likely attempt to make sense of what ails us.

Ehrenreich earned a doctorate in biology but never entered the field professionally; her times—the early '70s—seemed to demand activism for social change, and she decided to use her background to tackle issues of inequality, oppression, and exploitation in such periodicals as *Ms.*, *Harper's*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, and *The New York Times Magazine*. She became well known as a caustic, dependably radical voice, willing to attack the Left from the left if need be.

But nothing prepared her for the 2001 success of *Nickel and Dimed: On (Not) Getting by in America*. An interview from that year offers insight into her ongoing reservations about having chosen the scribbling/chattering life over that of the hands-on healer. Robert Birnbaum asked what she, in particular, brought to her book's subject—the parlous paycheck-to-paycheck existence of America's working poor—and she replied, "I like to think what was special about me ... was that I actually did the work. I don't mean the writing work, I mean I did the *jobs*. I take great pride in that."

The question that torments every successful writer ("How do I top this?") inevitably arose, and Ehrenreich cast about for some time before hitting upon the plight of laid-off white-collar professionals: evidence began pointing to "something seriously wrong within a socioeconomic group I had indeed neglected as too comfortable and too powerful to merit my concern." As fodder for another bestseller, in other words, this group might now "merit her concern." The crucial difference this time, however, is that while for the earlier book she had done a crackerjack job simulating a waitress and a Wal-Mart "associate," among other low-wage occupations, to investigate the world of unemployed upper management, she now had to pass as one of them.

For a person so eager to search out and destroy any hint of duplicity in a politician or businessman, Ehrenreich is astonishingly nonchalant about the fact that for *Bait and Switch* she reverted to her maiden name and made up a new identity, résumé, "skill set," educational background, references, and so forth. Even more astonishing, she pays some lip service to the possibility that her failure to get hired by corporate America might have to do with not being who she claimed to be, but clearly she doesn't view it as a major obstacle.

"Deception is part of the game," she marvels at one point.

Barbara's second step is to line up job coaching in the "transition industry" for the white-collar unemployed. We are immediately introduced to her view of other people: unless they are in the most abjectly pitiable of states, her contempt seethes to the surface. Their clothes are questionable, their personal habits are a bit creepy, and they are just not very bright.

She does make some interesting observations. For instance, she nails the strange, pseudo-Zen, EST-derived fixation on "inner change" that underlies modern job coaching—although she is by no means the first person to do so—calling most of its lore "a pastiche of wispy New Age yearnings." Her critique of the "science" of personality types is sound (they've proven to have "zero predictive value") even as she dimly recognizes that she must somehow find a fit between herself and "any institutional structure that will have me."

Barbara's task, then, is to persuade some sucker in HR at some corporation that she wants to take the bait. What exactly is the "bait" referred to in the book's title, what does it get "switched" to, and by whom? What she means by "bait" is never quite clear, but it seems to be the American Dream

WE ARE INTRODUCED TO **HER VIEW OF OTHER PEOPLE: UNLESS THEY ARE IN THE MOST ABJECTLY PITIABLE OF STATES, HER CONTEMPT SEETHES TO THE SURFACE.**

"Barbara Alexander's" first step is to choose which field she will try to be hired into—"I had the disadvantage of never having held a white-collar job with a corporation." She decides upon public relations, which she calls "journalism's evil twin." This is an apt characterization, as Barbara immediately discovers that "the essence of resume writing" is to "perpetrate fakery"; she even realizes that her own journalistic background—doing PR for the Left, i.e., "writing to persuade"—makes her an almost credible candidate for such jobs.

itself, still conceived of as secure life-long employment at a paternalistic company, although such jobs have been scarce for a very long while.

Networking is step #3. Here Barbara learns that looking for a job is a full-time job, that "being unemployed may in and of itself disqualify one for a job" by creating a dreaded Catch-22 "gap" in one's résumé, and that, incredibly, "all the companies want to know is what I can do for them." Again, she often describes social reality well enough. For instance, her description of the dull-eyed anomie

of the white middle class is spot on: folk with no camaraderie, no bonhomie, no sense of community, no public presence of any kind, like strangers in a strange land trying to scuttle past without attracting attention.

But her analyses never delve below the descriptive, and this superficiality leads to several ironies. One such is the spectacle of a lifelong radical feminist discovering that when she pretends to be a displaced homemaker (in order to explain one large gap in her résumé), it is now a black mark against her as a job-seeker to have been “sidelined” staying home to raise her own children. Too bad it’s an irony she’s unable to appreciate.

Another irony is her mocking description of the “magical thinking” that predominates in these self-help antechambers of the corporate world. It never occurs to Ehrenreich that such intellectual desperation—not to mention the phenomenon of ruthless layoffs itself—may have to do with the irrationalization of the business world introduced by affirmative-action measures. Why has it become the case that, as several people are quoted as saying bitterly, performance is no longer a guarantor either of job security or advancement? Ehrenreich does not inquire.

Furthermore, her ridicule of the fuzzy-minded “team player” mantra she hears everywhere—in coaching sessions, networking, at job fairs and seminars, in all the “transitional” literature—completely ignores its origin: in the anti-hierarchical thrust to make the workplace more “female-friendly.” It is enough for her to call the culprit “capitalism,” but that does not constitute an analysis.

For someone who demands the world’s sympathy (or compensatory state largesse, at the very least), Ehrenreich is remarkably unsympathetic toward those unlike herself. She is unable to comprehend the centrality to men of work, the derangement that joblessness produces in a man’s very self. Indeed, week after week she sits in rooms filled mostly with white, middle-class men, and never once takes note of the fact that the joblessness she’s inves-

tigating is a virtually all white-male phenomenon. Of course, it is now forbidden to politicize this class of person. All resentment of their dispossession is to be suppressed; it is too threatening; it might lead to “protofascist” thinking. Paul Craig Roberts has put it bluntly—“It’s open season on white males.”

So another irony: in her last chapter Ehrenreich advocates that the white-collar unemployed rise up, organize, get political, make demands, fight the power—but were they actually to do so, she and her fellow leftists would be the first to denounce them.

THIS BOOK LACKS SMACK CHIEFLY BECAUSE **BARBARA IS A FAKE**. SHE HAS NEITHER SKILLS NOR EXPERIENCE AND **SHOULD HAVE AIMED FOR ENTRY-LEVEL POSITIONS**.

Actually, the solutions she proposes are the same stale old state-socialist boilerplate: (1) more government spending on “expansion of current unemployment benefits” to European levels (because then we could all go on perpetual welfare and then not have to resent the Third World taking our jobs) and (2) more government spending to provide “universal health care” to European standards. Companies can’t afford to offer their employees health care any more, but the government could afford anything, if only those in charge weren’t so greedy and mean.

Speaking of the Third World, the book mentions outsourcing a couple of times without analyzing any connection between it and the “downward mobility” Ehrenreich’s growing army of unemployed is experiencing. So much for fearlessly following the facts wherever they lead.

Yet this book lacks smack chiefly because Barbara is a fake. She has neither skills nor experience and should have aimed for entry-level positions she was qualified for rather than heading cocksurely for the top. Her situation might pluck at the heart had it been real; Ehrenreich even cites a number of books by the genuinely dumped and dispossessed which sound quite searing and well worth reading.

What she attempted here is a little like what Knut Hamsun did to write *Hunger*, what Orwell did to write *Down and Out in Paris and London*, but without the acute actual suffering those two writers underwent and without the shattering gaze into the face of their fellow man that those two forced themselves to sustain. In Barbara Alexander’s pantomime, “there [is] no sudden descent into poverty, nor any real sting of rejection” even. “An ordinary jobseeker might despair,” she shrugs, “but I have a unique advantage: I can simply upgrade [pad, inflate] my resume.” No harm is done when someone

with a doctorate masquerades as a hotel maid, but what is the point of a dilettante trying to force her way into the executive suite? As she freely admits, she was selling a pig in a poke.

We take *Me Journalism* for granted now, a no longer remarkable feature of the feminization of culture, but books like this test the limits of the conceit. It is important for *Me* to be likable, and Ehrenreich is; but stripped of its gratuitous *Me*-talk, *Bait and Switch* is conceptually void. The author does not engage the material—the decline of economic stability, the disappearance of good jobs, the increasing anomie of social life, and the increasing ruthlessness of the marketplace—at a theoretical level high enough to draw useful conclusions. She is content to note, “Whatever wild process is chewing up men and women and spitting them out late in life, damage is definitely done.” It goes without saying that, for her, the “wild process” is capitalism, but is this phase new, or all bad, and can it be tamed, and if so, how?

As for the title of her book, it is Ehrenreich who’s pulling the bait-and-switch here, in more ways than one. ■

Marian Kester Coombs writes from Crofton, Md.

[*Beyond Chutzpah: On the Misuse of Anti-Semitism and the Abuse of History*, Norman G. Finkelstein, University of California Press, 343 pages]

The Chutzpah of Alan Dershowitz

By Michael C. Desch

ALAN DERSHOWITZ didn't want this book published. He threatened to take legal action against one press—which subsequently backed away from the project—and then tried to intercede with the governor of California when the University of California Press picked up the manuscript. Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger refused to intervene, and *Beyond Chutzpah* saw print despite the First Amendment advocate's best efforts.

Dershowitz was right to be alarmed. Norman Finkelstein is no stranger to powerful opponents, and the usual invectives don't intimidate him. His 1995 *Image and Reality of the Israel-Palestine Conflict* was one of the first books in English to use Israel's "New Historians" to debunk the many myths surrounding the Jewish state. Among other things, Finkelstein, a DePaul University political science professor, demonstrated that even secular Labor Zionism was deeply committed to a fundamentally illiberal *reconquista* of Palestine that would inevitably require war with, and expulsion of, its Arab inhabitants in order to establish a Jewish homeland. He also exposed the lie that Palestine was a "land without a people for a people without a land," a rallying cry among early Zionists that was given a scholarly patina by Joan Peters in her infamous book *From Time Immemorial*.

In *The Holocaust Industry*, Finkelstein decried how Israel's supporters have used the tragic murder of six million Jews by the Nazis to justify Israel's hard-line foreign policy. And through an

exhaustive examination of Daniel Goldhagen's book *Hitler's Willing Executioners*, Finkelstein exposed a number of gaping holes in the former Harvard government professor's widely discussed thesis that most Germans had willingly supported Hitler's efforts to exterminate Europe's Jews.

Finkelstein's most recent book is likewise an exercise in scholarly truth-telling. In it, he exposes how the Israel lobby uses charges of anti-Semitism to stifle criticism of the Jewish state; challenges the notion that Israel's occupation of the West Bank and Gaza has been conducted with scrupulous attention to human rights and the rule of law; and, most importantly, reveals how in the course of making the case for Israel, the Jewish state's advocates have corrupted our national debate about one of the most important aspects of American foreign policy.

In much the same way that *A Nation On Trial* (with Ruth Bettina Birn) was an attack, hip and thigh, on Goldhagen, *Beyond Chutzpah* is a relentless and thoroughgoing dissection of two recent books by Dershowitz: *Why Terrorism Works* and *The Case for Israel*.

More than half of Finkelstein's book is devoted to sustaining his charge that *The Case for Israel* is "among the most spectacular frauds ever published on the Israel-Palestine conflict." Yet Finkelstein is not content with demonstrating that Dershowitz has written a very bad book; rather, he uses that finding to indict the more general "systemic institutional bias that allows for books like *The Case for Israel* to become national best sellers."

Finkelstein hauls Dershowitz to the dock for three scholarly offenses. First, he accuses Dershowitz of inconsistency bordering on hypocrisy. Exhibit A is Dershowitz himself, one of America's leading criminal-defense lawyers and one of our most eloquent defenders of civil liberties, presenting a brief for torture in *Why Terrorism Works*. Perhaps, as with many Americans, 9/11 forced Dershowitz to reconsider fundamental aspects of how he thought the world

works, and that explains his about-face. But Finkelstein demonstrates that well before 9/11, Dershowitz had already trimmed his liberal sails and begun to argue that torture was acceptable in some circumstances. What brought Dershowitz to that conclusion was not so much an intellectual epiphany but rather the growing role torture played in Israel's long-running fight against Palestinian terrorism. Dershowitz's commitment to Israel trumped his commitment to civil liberties, in Finkelstein's view.

Finkelstein also accuses Dershowitz of torturing the evidence. He alleges that Dershowitz selectively uses the work of Israeli New Historian Benny Morris to buttress his brief on Israel's behalf. Dershowitz's defense strategy relies quite heavily on Morris, whose work has done much to challenge many of the founding myths of the Jewish state, as evidence that even critics of Israel support his contention "that Israel is innocent of the charges being leveled against it." Why? Because "no other nation in history faced with comparable challenges has ever adhered to a higher standard of human rights, been more sensitive to the safety of innocent civilians, tried harder to operate under the rule of law, or been willing to take more risks for peace."

There are two problems with Dershowitz's heavy reliance on Morris. The first is that Morris is hardly the left-wing peacenik that Dershowitz makes him out to be, which means that calling him as a witness in Israel's defense is not very helpful to the case. The more important problem is that many of the points Dershowitz cites Morris as supporting—that the early Zionists wanted peaceful coexistence with the Arabs, that the Arabs began the 1948 War to destroy Israel, that the Arabs were guilty of many massacres while the Israelis were scrupulous about protecting human rights, and that the Arabs fled at the behest of their leaders rather than being ethnically cleansed by the Israel Defense Forces—turn out to be based on a partial reading or misreading of Morris's books. Finkelstein documents these charges in exhaustive detail in

RECLAIMING LIBERTY



James Ronald Kennedy
Coauthor of *Why Not Freedom!*

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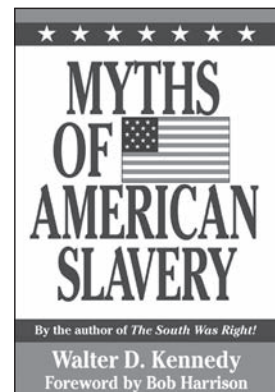
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Appendix II of his book and the preponderance of evidence he provides is conclusive.

Finally, Finkelstein charges Dershowitz with academia's capital offense: plagiarism. According to Harvard University's regulations: "Plagiarism is passing off a source's information, ideas, or words as your own by omitting to cite them." This includes advancing another's ideas as your own without citation; using the same structure of organization without citation; passing off someone else's data as your own; as well as the most common form of plagiarism, which is using someone else's words without quotation marks.

Finkelstein does not accuse Dershowitz of the wholesale lifting of someone else's words, but he does make a very strong case that Dershowitz has violated the spirit, if not the exact letter, of Harvard's prohibitions of the first three forms of plagiarism.

Prudent scholars always keep in mind that there may be a graduate student lying in wait for them. Aspiring academics have powerful incentives to critique prominent books and articles because if they succeed in knocking down a leading theory or idea, they will be well on their way to a successful academic career—except perhaps at the home institution of their target. Dershowitz

had the misfortune to run into such a graduate student in Finkelstein. While he was writing his doctoral dissertation at Princeton on the intellectual foundations of Zionism, Finkelstein read Joan Peters's *From Time Immemorial*, which asserted that there were few Arabs in Palestine until after the last decade of the 19th century, when Jewish settlers arrived and began to make the desert bloom. Finkelstein knew from his own work that the founding fathers of Zionism did not believe this, and the more he looked at Peters's demographic and historic evidence the more he became convinced that it was deeply flawed. Peters's thesis was eventually discredited, in large part by the distinguished Israeli historian Yehoshua Porath, and is no longer given credence by scholars.

Having looked closely at Peters's book in the course of demolishing her thesis, it quickly became apparent to Finkelstein as he was reading *The Case for Israel* that Dershowitz owed Peters an enormous debt. Although Dershowitz distanced himself from Peters's discredited claims (thus implicitly admitting he knew Peters's argument was specious), he nonetheless appropriated a number of her central arguments—that few Arabs lived in Palestine until after large numbers of Jews arrived and that Arab violence against Jews predated large-

scale Jewish immigration—and many of her footnotes without proper citation. Finkelstein's book contains another separate appendix laying out his bill of particulars on this charge. In one telling instance, he notes that Dershowitz employs without attribution a neologism that Peters coined—"turnspeak"—and then wrongly attributes it to George Orwell, who coined a different phrase, "newspeak." He does this to justify not citing Peters.

Not only did Dershowitz improperly present Peters's ideas, he may not even have bothered to read the original sources she used to come up with them. To support this particularly damning indictment, Finkelstein somehow managed to get uncorrected page proofs of *The Case for Israel* in which Dershowitz appears to direct his research assistant to go to certain pages and notes in Peters's book and place them in his footnotes directly.

Once Finkelstein leveled his charges and announced he would make them the centerpiece of his new book, Dershowitz launched his extraordinary campaign to prevent the book's publication. If the University Press and the governor of California acquitted themselves honorably, the same cannot be said of Harvard or much of the intellectual elite of the rest of the country.

In the wake of a number of similar complaints against Dershowitz and two of his Harvard Law School colleagues, Laurence Tribe and Charles Ogletree, former Harvard President Derek Bok conducted an investigation—the details of which were not made public—that predictably vindicated Dershowitz. All of this took place in a climate on campus in which Harvard's current president, Lawrence Summers, criticized proponents of divestment from Israel in a major speech he gave lamenting the supposed re-awakening of anti-Semitism around the world. The implication was that proponents of divestment were not only pursuing ill-advised policies (a reasonable point), but were actually part of this "upturn in anti-Semitism" (an unfair charge).

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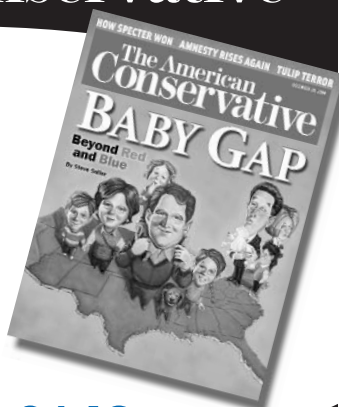
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Even if Finkelstein's most serious charges are not true, it is nonetheless a scandal that Dershowitz's sloppy book was widely and favorably reviewed in many prominent places, including the *New York Times*, and became a national bestseller. (Its bestseller status probably should include an asterisk because, as Finkelstein notes, some American Jewish organizations and the Israeli government bought bulk orders of the book to use as part of their efforts to advance Israel's case.) Nothing could be better evidence, in my opinion, of the corrosive influence of the Israel lobby on the intellectual climate of our country than how our intellectual elites and the nation's leading university allowed such a book to pollute our national discourse on one of the most important issues facing American foreign policy.

This is not to say that Finkelstein is always the best advocate for his case. As with his previous books, it is clear that his muse is his spleen. Outrage drips from nearly every page of *Beyond Chutzpah* when facts alone would have made a more effective case. Indeed, I had a similar reaction when I heard Finkelstein speak at Harvard about the Goldhagen book: the facts were clearly in his corner but his strident presentation undermined his case.

Still, I hesitate to be too critical of Finkelstein. Much of his outrage is justified. Moreover, he has been on the front-line of a brutal war with the Israel lobby, which gives no quarter to its enemies, and so it may be unreasonable to him expect him to write on this topic with clinical detachment.

The story Finkelstein tells in *Beyond Chutzpah* is hard to believe, but it needs to be told. My hat is off to him for having the courage to tell it. ■

Michael C. Desch is Professor and Robert M. Gates Chair in Intelligence and National Security Decision-making at the George Bush School of Government and Public Service, Texas A&M University.

[*Lunar Park*, Bret Easton Ellis, Knopf, 320 pages]

The Beautiful and the Damned

By James G. Poulos

HERE'S THE RAP: Bret Easton Ellis, author of *American Psycho* and *Less Than Zero*, best-selling chronicler of sex-and-death-crazed rich people, sex-and-death-crazed beautiful people, and their sex-and-death-crazed children, crashes and burns after two decades of drug-fueled celebrity and flees to the suburbs. He begins his latest novel, a "pornographic thriller," safely ensconced in the "routine affluence" of suburban Midland County. Mercifully distant from the jagged and mournful wreckage of urban America, post-celebrity Bret must move through the foreign spaces of domesticity and out of his own, less merciful, emotional isolation.

The central conflict in *Lunar Park*, Ellis's semi-autobiographical follow-up to the *fin de siècle* nightmare of *Glamorama*, is his own dangerous presence in his new, becalmed life. His past, and the present it gnaws upon, is the chaos threatening home, hearth, and family. At 307 Elsinore Lane, the fictional Bret lives in the architectural embodiment of a prescription-based coping mechanism—"large, carefully designed empty spaces merged seamlessly into one another to give the illusion that the house was far grander than it actually was." "I had canceled my subscription to *I Want That!*," he explains, "and for a while I was okay. One day late in August I drove by a simple field dotted with poplars and I suddenly held my breath. I felt a tear on my face. I was happy, I realized with amazement."

But Bret can't leave the drugs and the booze alone. And he can't keep his hands off the student body to whom he teaches creative writing. And the weird

e-mails, the local murders, and the strange behavior of his daughter's toy bird, as they accumulate, all seem to reflect the malevolent presence of his own internal demons. Bret's barren legacy—of a family broken by its father, of a lifetime spent thrashing luridly through the depths of narcotics and narcissism—looms over his workaday woes, glowering.

That's when the horrors—the very supernatural horrors—begin to flow in.

Lunar Park is an exorcism, real and figurative, of a life spent stretched between relentless publicity and nihilistic isolation: the famous writer's life, a schizophrenia of outsiderdom and insiderdom. The novel's assessment of the real Bret Easton Ellis's life, love, and loss—brought off with such a gnarled combination of mockery, remorse, numbness, fright, and irony—doesn't resonate with the virtuosity of style and craft present in, say, *Glamorama*. Unlike the shop-window purgatory of that book, or the phantom hell of *American Psycho*, *Lunar Park* is only as good as its truths. Its redeeming virtue is the same humility and confessional weakness that makes the book such a far, forlorn cry from the cruel satire of Ellis's earlier work. *Lunar Park*'s Bret never leans his heroin-soaked head into the oven or climbs into a bathtub of ice and sleeps. The waste product of his emotional catharsis is beyond hope. But the love finally captured after several hundred pages of cocaine, adultery, alcoholism, betrayal, butchery, rictuses, and rectums is so defenseless, so childlike, that it also carries *Lunar Park* beyond its flaws.

Honest love is a topic that has not made Ellis much money. This is on account of its near-total absence from the books that made him famous—*Less Than Zero* and *American Psycho*, novels that launched a thousand ships of hype centered around "kids these days" in the first case and "yuppies these days" in the second. His other books—*The Rules of Attraction*, *Glamorama*, and short-story collection *The Informers*—were all dependent upon first-person

perspective, too, and the only difference between Ellis's fans and his critics sometimes seemed to be that his fans hated his characters but were jealous of them, too. The travails of the ego-needy, and his own guilt by association in that regard, compounded the hype while also coming to threaten it. So the thought of Ellis reacting to that problem by expressing it in its purest form—the semiautobiographical novel—was not encouraging. Yet *Lunar Park*'s rites of purgation embody the death throes of the entire self-obsessed mentality that made the 1980s our first "modern" decade: shrinks, pills, divorces, irony, the heads of a single hydra. In order to explode the meaning of that world and what it wrought, Ellis had to explode himself.

He explodes mentally, not physically, of course, though not every character in *Lunar Park* is so fortunate. The fictional Bret swiftly falls prey to an accumula-

tion of supernatural bummers that accept no explanation. It's only under that kind of duress that the narcotic narcissist can look beyond himself. When the narrator knows he's unreliable, when nobody will put up with him anymore because he is literally seeing the impossible, getting a life becomes an imperative for Bret instead of just a suggestion. And reaching out for a real life acquires an urgency beyond the redemption of a past without one.

The conclusion we are invited to draw from that lesson is that the self-contradictory roles of internal, cerebral outsider and outré, celebrity insider can destroy more than Bret Easton Ellis alone. Wrecked by the fame-impulse toward a public life that his writing-impulse inherently abhorred, at the end of *Lunar Park* Bret's hair has gone white and no more books are left in him. Bret, for whom the finality of love is simple grief, is a totem of the writer whose interior and exterior selves were so refracted and impacted against each other that his life led into oblivion.

This is nothing new for a certain kind of writer—like Hunter S. Thompson, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and all the others who got locked into reportage on the pain of being a man. But in an era when self-indulgence has the blessing of social science and the sheen of pop art, what used to be a pitfall for writers playing too close to the brink is now a public playground filled with quicksand.

"It is a very strange feeling to be a 40-year-old American writer in this century and sitting alone in this huge building on Fifth Avenue in New York at one o'clock in the morning ... I feel like I might as well be sitting up here carving the words for my own tombstone..." It sounds like Ellis, but instead it was Hunter S. Thompson, who did kill himself, testament to the opening epigram from *Lunar Park* that "The occupational hazard of making a spectacle of yourself, over the long haul, is that at some point you buy a ticket too." Thompson had once quoted Dr. Johnson as saying "He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." But John-

son had also spoken of getting famous in the following terms: "If all this had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in the way." *Lunar Park* reads as an advertisement for long poles.

Instead of carving the words on his tombstone in a Manhattan apartment, in mid-September, Bret Easton Ellis was signing books at Olsson's in Washington, D.C. A good-natured throng filled the aisles, and they laughed when Ellis read passages from *Lunar Park* that embarrassed him more than anyone else. He was at ease, relaxed, a lifetime away from the naked car wrecks and the weeklong benders that made up the life of "Bret Easton Ellis" and were, to one extent or another, inspired by a the story of his real life. The mystery of which reminiscences are truth and which fiction is meant to go unsolved, but Ellis did have an answer to the question of what it was that saved him from the fate of the character Ellis: age. He extended it until the word itself seemed to grow older: "A...a...a...ge." The unglamorous idea that Bret Easton Ellis avoided the fate of the fictional Bret Easton Ellis because he unintentionally accumulated a large enough number of non-lethal mistakes floats like ash over the pages of *Lunar Park*.

Within its pages, Bret Easton Ellis announces that *Lunar Park* is his last novel, but in real life, he's already hinted at what's next. That there is a next—and that the tangled, intestinal, confessional, subverted trauma that is *Lunar Park* also happens to be simply interesting and worth \$25 and a five-hour investment of time—is a hint that untrammelled lousiness is not the inevitable price of a writer preserving himself, and that a less glamorous, and less psychotic, Bret Easton Ellis might be less gripping—in the vulgar way we're accustomed to—but will almost certainly be more enduring and probably more endearing, too. ■

James G. Poulos is a writer and attorney in Washington, D.C.

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Le Pen's Revenge



During the French presidential election of 2002, Jacques Chirac, the sitting president, refused to debate the finalist challenger, so to speak,

Jean-Marie Le Pen, calling him an extremist who did not deserve to have a voice. Here was a man who had democratically beaten all other challengers in the first round of voting, and the “crook at the Elysee,” as Chirac is known, refused to recognize him as an opponent. The establishment agreed.

There were only two candidates to vote for, but that didn't mean there were two equal candidates. It was Le Pen against the whole united establishment, which included the Catholic Church, the trade unions, the French legal profession, the media, and of course the chattering classes. In a clear breach of media proportionality guidelines, Le Pen was kept off the air and had very limited exposure to the press. In every newspaper not just the editors but the owners and publishers issued appeals for people to march in the streets against him and went as far as to organize processions of schoolchildren calling for Le Pen's death. He nevertheless got close to 20 percent of the final vote, which under the circumstances was a triumph of sorts.

Needless to say, now the chickens have come home to roost, and the more cars the Arabs burn in the land of cheese, the better I like it. Le Pen's notoriety stems from his opposition to Arab immigration since the end of the Algerian war in 1962. Born in between the wars, he lost his father by a mine in 1942 and was brought up in extreme poverty. He joined the Foreign Legion, fought in Indochina, and then became a member of the French parliament at an early age. When France sent troops to Algeria to suppress the Arab revolt, he resigned his seat and joined the paratroopers. In

1973, he created the National Front and has slowly seen it rise to become the third party in France despite the unholy alliance between Right and Left to keep it off the ballot.

Although portrayed as a monster by the media, Le Pen is a charming, courteous, courageous, and extremely well-read man. He was a friend of my father's, and we were honored to have him stay with us in Athens 15 years ago. I remember him saying that France, unlike the United States, drew valueless immigrants from North Africa, who came over mostly for the social benefits. Successive French governments have insisted that immigration is needed to make up for shortfalls of nurses and doctors and other professionals. This, of course, is a Goebbels-like lie.

I REMEMBER HIM SAYING THAT **FRANCE DREW VALUELESS IMMIGRANTS FROM NORTH AFRICA, WHO CAME OVER MOSTLY FOR THE SOCIAL BENEFITS.**

When Jean-Marie Le Pen said Muslim immigration was out of control, he was shouted down by the same people who are now saying that it's not immigration that has failed, but integration. France has the highest foreign-born population in Europe, more than 10 percent. Yet the rioters who have been arrested up to now are nearly all the sons and grandsons of immigrants, who despite having been born in France “feel and act Arab.” This means that they grow more estranged from the community with each passing year, less assimilated than their parents, and more determined to retain the language and the customs of their fathers

and grandfathers. This phenomenon has been encouraged by the multiculturalism that has been embraced by the European Union and the rest of the bureaucrooks who run the old continent.

Ironically, the interior minister Nicolas Sarkozy, who now poses as a hardliner ready to put down the “revolt” with tanks if necessary, was the prime mover behind affirmative action for North Africans in the past, as well as the champion of government support for building mosques.

Although France has banned religious symbols in schools and has expensive measures to keep poor Muslims fed, housed, and educated, the resentment against a European culture has never stopped growing. Le Pen warned about this long ago, but to no avail. The sophisticated elite who have shown such contempt for Le Pen do not, of course, live near the working-class sections north and west of Paris. These are no-go areas for whites and non-Arabs. I drove through such a section recently, from la

Gare du Nord towards the airport Charles De Gaulle, and it was like being in the center of Algiers. No one attacked me, but one could feel the hostility.

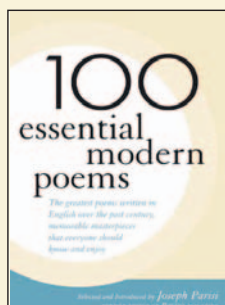
Yet when I wrote in the *Spectator* that happiness was waking up and learning that Le Pen had won against the socialists and would be going up against Chirac, it was as if I had written a pro-Hitler essay in an Israeli paper. The crooks who run Europe in general, and France in particular, need to apologize to Le Pen, but don't hold your breath. Mind you, the next thing you'll smell while breathing is a French car burning, which will not exactly make me teary-eyed. ■

Gifts of gab.



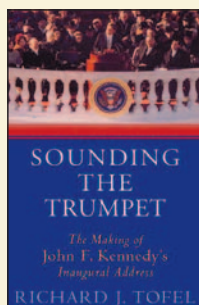
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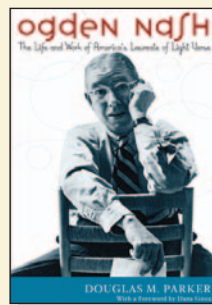
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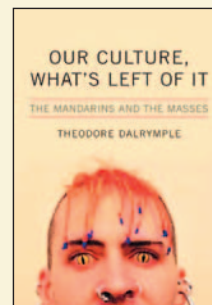
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